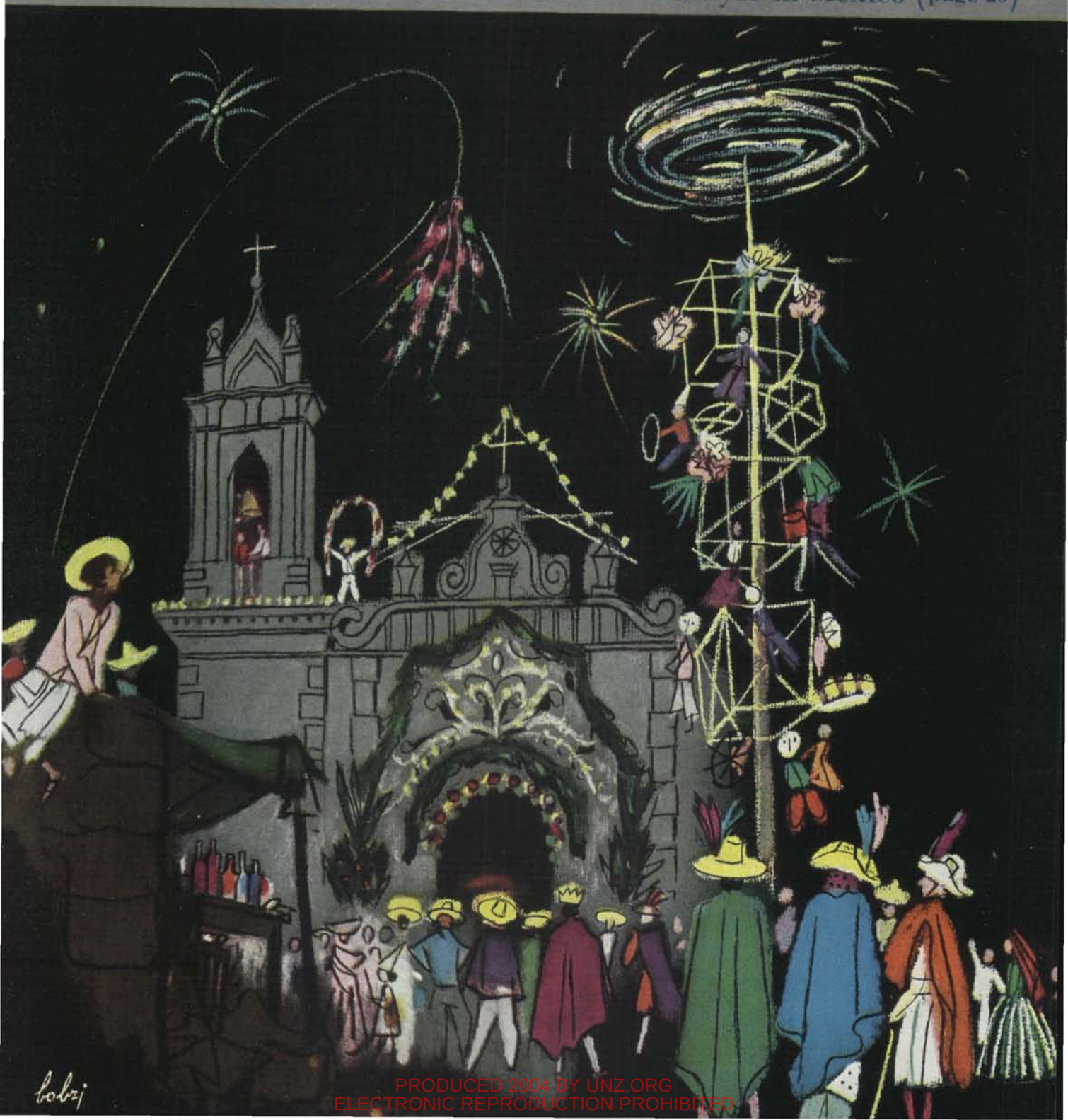
What About This Psychological Warfare?

The Reporter

March 31, 1953 25c

Reform and O'Dwyer in Mexico (page 20)



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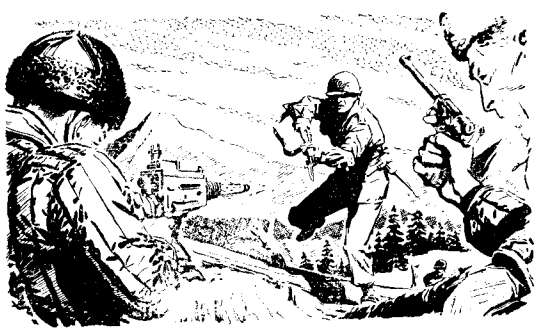
First Lieutenant Carl H. Dodd Medal of Honor

"USE MARCHING FIRE—and *follow me!*" Shouting this command, Lieutenant Carl Dodd struck out in advance of his platoon to lead the assault on Hill 256, near Subuk, Korea. During the fierce in-fighting that followed, he constantly inspired his men by his personal disregard of death. Once, alone, he wiped out a machine gun nest; another time, a mortar. After two furious days, Dodd's outnumbered, but spirited, force had won the vital hill.



"You were helping, too," says Lieutenant Dodd. "You and the millions of other citizens who have bought U.S. Defense Bonds. For your Bonds, *which keep America strong*, were behind the productive power that gave us the weapons we used.

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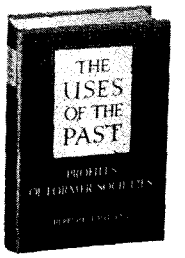

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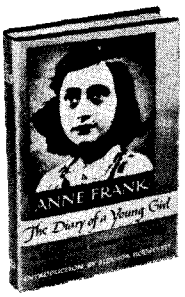

Written while the author hid from the Nazis in Holland, it is at once a remarkably sensitive record of adolescence and an eloquent testimony to the strength of the human spirit.

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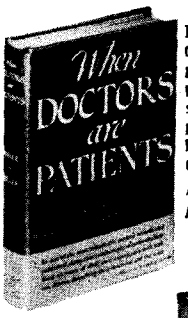

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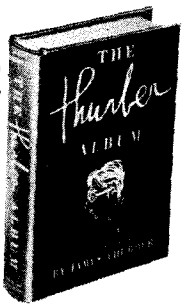

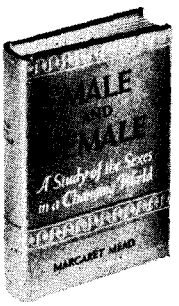

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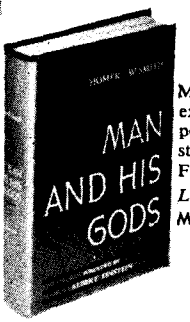

Man's religious beliefs brilliantly examined from a naturalistic point of view. This encyclopedic study has been ranked with Frazer's *Golden Bough*.

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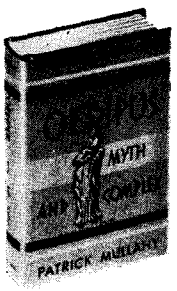

The major psychoanalytic theories from Freud, Adler, and Jung to the present are here set forth in a new and unifying way. The work also includes the great *Oedipus* trilogy of Sophocles.

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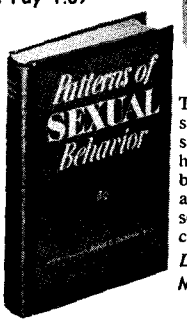

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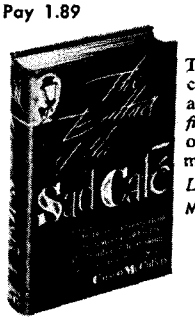

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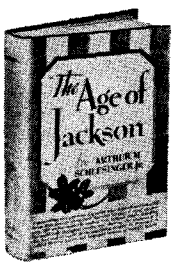

A landmark in American historical literature, and a Pulitzer Prize winner.

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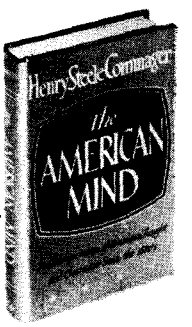

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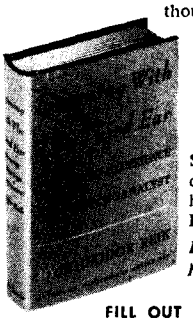

Sub-titled "The Inner Experience of a Psychoanalyst," Dr. Reik's book has been favorably compared with Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*.

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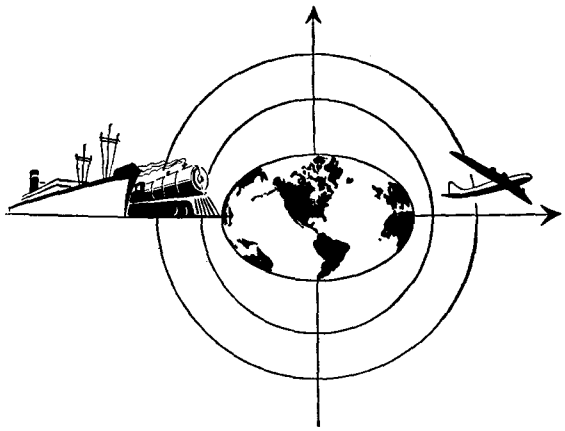

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Let's Pretend . . .

Once upon a time, at a stockholders' meeting of a big corporation, a little gang of troublemakers, armed with a few shares and unlimited nerve, succeeded in carrying a motion that imposed a thorough investigation on the way management had been running things.

The corporation, which was a leader in its field—the production and sale of automobiles—had prospered enormously. But in the name of the widows and orphans and the plain people of America who owned most of the stock, the troublemakers maintained that things could have gone ever so much better had management been more on the job. Only a full, thorough inquiry with complete publicity would answer. The troublemakers got themselves appointed as investigators.

Why had so much money been spent, years ago, on a model to which the public did not take? Why had a plant been built at a particular location and not somewhere else? Why had so many of the parts that go into the making of a car been subcontracted? What criteria had guided the choice of subcontractors?

For week after week the investigators urged top management, middle management, and even small fry to answer such questions—and quickly, for the widows and orphans had a right to know. What about the personal relations between the executives of all ranks and some of their opposite numbers in competing corporations? In fact, some high-ranking employees had once worked for competing corporations, and some of their relatives still did. Had this anything to do with the fact that in a couple of populous states the new low-priced model wasn't selling at all well?

The investigation was designed to let the public "know all," and after a few weeks the public started to learn, if not all, at least quite a few things. That there were conflicting ambitions, for instance, among the salesmen in the same regions, with everyone trying merrily to get ahead of his colleague—if not to cut his throat. And it seemed that practically everybody in the company had a gripe against somebody else and felt professionally or socially slighted. It also became known that there was quite a bit of nepotism in the company, and that many of its high employees had won promotions for reasons—sometimes highly personal—that had not much to do with making or selling automobiles.

Up to the time when the investigation started, the company had been one of the best in the country, both as to the morale of its person-

THE GEORGE POLK AWARD

The George Polk Memorial Awards were established in 1948 to honor "outstanding contributions to journalism for the public good." Entries are judged by the working newspapermen who comprise the journalism faculty at Long Island University. William M. Hudson, acting president of the University, announced the George Polk Special Award to The Reporter *on March 10, with this citation:*

In its relatively brief history—it has been in existence four years—*The Reporter* magazine has already distinguished itself as a sprightly, hard-hitting journal of fact and opinion. In many ways, its purpose, its slant, its scope parallel the career of George Polk, for in the quest of the truth it strikes out in a manner seldom equalled by older and more established competitors.

Last year, in a typical move, *The Reporter* magazine assigned two reporters—William S. Fairfield and Charles Clift—to track down a story of cynical flouting of the law. Four months they devoted to unearthing a startling mass of information, and from this investigation there emerged the two-part series, "The Wiretappers."

It was a remarkable expose of an evil that has long been tolerated by the authorities, for a Federal law specifically bans tapping of telephones unless by a special court order. It is a law that has almost been more honored in the breach than in the observance. Literally thousands of individuals each day, for their own unscrupulous reasons, make a mockery of the privacy of respectable and law-abiding citizens by illicit wiretapping, thereby flouting the Bill of Rights, cherished heritage of Americans. On many levels—some in high government, others in various economic and social strata—this abhorrent practice persists for diverse ends and reeks of totalitarianism. It is an evil that cries out for excoriation. For this series, *The Reporter* magazine is voted the George Polk Memorial Special Award by Long Island University.

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nel and the quality of its products. But after such detailed revelations of those strains and stresses among fellow workers which keep every concern going, the name of the company became a laughingstock. Briefly, it wasn't long before bankruptcy set in.

People who are familiar with big business will say that this "let's pretend" story is nonsense, for big business is something quite different from government, and big executives know how to deal with troublemakers.

Do they? Some of our most successful business executives are now running the government, and yet they—and their boss—are letting themselves be pushed around and bullied. Why don't they run government as if it were big business?

The Mess in Moscow

Of course, we have read about the millions of men and women who mournfully marched past the bier of Joseph Stalin, but there must be quite a few people in Moscow in whose tearful eyes there may be a glimmer of joy: At long last he has gone, they think. Look at the mess he has left. He made himself simultaneously a god and the main theologian of his divinity. But by appointing bureaucrats as his successors, he managed to carry both the godliness and the theology to his grave.

After him, what? Perhaps he did not want any successor; perhaps the man who had dabbled in theology at Tiflis Seminary thought that his spirit could go on running things forever, in death as in life.

Now the god is dead, these Muscovites must think—quite dead. They may feel like crying, for he died too late for their country's good.

Career Investigator

Senator Allen Ellender (D., Louisiana) called attention not long ago to "professional investigators who live on Capitol Hill, and who keep . . . [investigating] committees alive. They will always find some way to continue their jobs," said Ellender. "I have no doubt that is the way a great many investigations are started. They are started by some professional investigator, or someone who comes to us and sells us an idea. Immediately a subcommittee is created to look into it."

As if to confirm Ellender's suspicions, one such investigator, Robert B. Barker, known to intimates as "Bug-Eye" Barker, achieved brief notoriety a short time later when he was sacked by Chairman Harold Velde (R., Illinois), of the House Un-American Activities Committee for digging up false information about Mrs. Agnes Meyer.

It turns out that Barker was also purveying information back in 1947, when the Lilienthal hearings were being held. At that time he produced an alleged copy of a letter about Communist activities in TVA which he claimed to have seized at Communist Party headquarters in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1940, when he was an investigator for the Dies Committee. But he failed to produce the photostat of the letter that he said he had. Subsequently Senator Edwin C. Johnson (D., Colorado), of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy (which was holding the hearings on Lilienthal), wrote to Barker as follows:

"As I understand it, you testified under oath that you did not take the . . . letter to either of the Knoxville newspapers and both claim they received copies from you.

"Several members of the committee are reported to think that you wrote the . . . letter and planted it. I . . . like to believe that you and all men are truthful and honest and above trickery, but there is something very peculiar about that letter which needs clearing up."

The outline of Barker's early career as an investigator is imposing: 1939-1943, the Dies Committee; 1943-1945, the Cox Committee investigating the FCC; 1946, Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures.

Despite this 1947 performance, Barker was presently hired by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. We are confident that he will not remain unemployed for long. There should always be a job for so enterprising an investigator.

Oh Ho!

A supposedly Chinese proverb says: "One picture is worth a thousand words." The estimate may be overgenerous, but a photograph printed in *Time* recently says a great deal that never appeared in the tens of thousands of words that accompanied the recent so-called "unleashing" of Chiang Kai-shek.

In the picture, Chiang is standing beside the driver of his open automobile as it moves past ranks of saluting Nationalist soldiers. Behind Chiang sits his onetime War Minister, Ho Ying-chin.

Throughout the Second World War General Ho's narrow anti-foreignism and his benighted military views made it hard for the United States to give effective military assistance to China. Even severe critics of the late General Joseph Stilwell endorsed "Vinegar Joe's" attempts to have Ho removed. General David Barr, head of the U.S. military mission during 1948, attributed to Ho "grandiose planning without thought or regard to the possibility of its implementation." Later the displacement of Ho Ying-chin was cited as evidence of better Nationalist military leadership.

Our curiosity piqued by the photograph, we made some inquiries about what General Ho is doing now. Of all things, he is Chairman of Chiang's Military Strategy Advisory Committee.

THE NEW BOSS

Georgi Porgi, pudgy and pale,
Agate eyes so full of bale,
Sullen mouth so full of hate—
How you make us speculate!

AMERICANA

New York Herald Tribune, *March 6: ". . . slacks manufacturers have decided to rename their trade organization the Trouser Institute of America. It used to be the Associated Pants Manufacturers of America."*

Take heart, sad world, in mankind's new Advance:
An Institute immortalizing Pants—
That tailored separation, limb from limb,
That marks the dwindling gap twixt Her and Him.

—SEC

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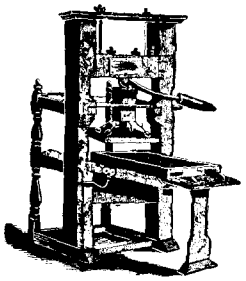

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

MANY PEOPLE these days think that psychological warfare can be what William James called "the moral equivalent to war" —and a very satisfactory one at that. Just what is this newly fashionable weapon? What are its limitations? Where does it reach the point of diminishing returns? We have asked three writers who have had direct and practical experience in the matter to explore these questions.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who wrote *The Age of Jackson,* participated in last year's election battles on the Democratic side but he speaks here as historian and analyst.

When a democratic nation has to counteract totalitarian propaganda it cannot adopt the methods employed by the enemy, since they are part and parcel of the totalitarianism the democracies combat. Professor Schlesinger discusses the limitations imposed on our counterattack.

And what are the strengths and weaknesses of the Communist propaganda which it is our task to refute? Some people have come to think of Russian propaganda as irresistibly effective—an opinion emphatically not shared by our second specialist. **Thomas W. Wilson, Jr.,** knows in a concrete and practical way that you can stand up successfully against the Russians. For several years before taking up his Mutual Security post in Washington he served in Europe with the Economic Cooperation Administration, where he had firsthand experience in countering Communist propaganda.

We would not think of wasting our readers' time with a solemn refutation of the "germ warfare" charges made against the U.N. forces in Korea by Communist propaganda, but the subject provides **Preston Schoyer** with the opportunity to make a highly entertaining excursion into the workings of the Oriental mind. Mr. Schoyer lived for seven years in China, including two and a half years as Field Headquarters commander of the Army's Air-Ground Aid Section, with responsibilities for behind-the-lines rescue activities and intelligence. He has written three novels in which the action takes place in China. The latest is *The Ringing of the Glass.*

We also wanted to have a look at a field where psychological warfare is an integral part of military warfare. **Roy A. Gallant's** picture of "psywar" in Korea, not a pleasant one, covers a two-year period he himself observed at first hand. It is not a judgment on how "psywar" is being conducted in the Far Eastern theater now. It is a case history, illustrating the problems that arise in fighting this new kind of warfare.

WILLIAM O'DWYER departed from his job as Mayor of New York under circumstances that could scarcely be called happy. His retirement from the job as United States Ambassador to Mexico coincides with the end of a particularly gaudy era in Mexican politics. Somehow reform movements have a way of catching up with O'Dwyer—even in his retreat below the border. **Allen Raymond,** a frequent contributor to *The Reporter,* tells this instructive and moral story. Mr. Raymond, veteran war and foreign correspondent, was for many years with the New York *Herald Tribune.* He has just returned from a trip to Mexico undertaken for *The Reporter.*

Soviet diplomats as we see them on TV at the United Nations seem faceless, impenetrable, inscrutable. It is as if they all wore masks. **Daniel Aaron,** an Associate Professor of English at Smith College and the author of *Men of Good Hope,* tells us how, when in Helsinki on a Fulbright scholarship, he got behind the mask of a Soviet diplomat and what he found there.

Helen Hill Miller writes from Washington on economics not only with proven competence but with a sense of humor. In her contribution to this issue she also shows courage, for at a time when everyone is talking about "trade, not aid," she reminds us about what old-fashioned American tariffs are doing to make that formula unworkable because of the conditions they impose on trade. Mrs. Miller has been a member of the staff working on the Bell Report—a thirteen-member Public Advisory Board for Mutual Security under the direction of Daniel W. Bell, former Under Secretary of the Treasury. Mrs. Miller, recently Washington representative of *The Economist,* is the wife of Francis Pickens Miller, who fought unsuccessfully but bravely against the Byrd machine in the Virginia Senatorial primaries.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY means to New Yorkers a wonderful parade up Fifth Avenue enjoyed by all of us whether or not we boast a connection with Erin. According to **Honor Tracy,** the great saint's day in Dublin is something else again. An earlier article on the Dublin she loves and knows so well (*The Reporter,* September 30, 1952) will be remembered by our readers. Author of *Kakemono,* a book about her experiences in Japan, Miss Tracy has also contributed to *Harper's Bazaar* and the *Atlantic Monthly.*

Bill Mauldin, who was AWOL from our last issue, returns to duty with a report on his sojourn in Florida.

The people who talk about a "positive" foreign policy have found a spokesman in the versatile James Burnham, or, to be more accurate, James Burnham has selected himself as their spokesman. We asked **William H. Hessler** of the Cincinnati *Enquirer,* a regular contributor, to size up Burnham's new book, *Containment or Liberation?* The death of Stalin will surely make the debate hotter than ever, and we intend to keep a watchful eye on Burnham and his arguments.

Anthony West, a literary critic and novelist, whose work appears frequently in the *New Yorker,* was the subject of some critical remarks by Mary McCarthy in one of our recent issues, and we are glad to give him space to reply.

WE HAVE been receiving letters asking us to tell something about the artists who do our covers, which have been attracting more and more favorable comment. We do not know why we have not done this before; and henceforth we shall do so, as we feel that our covers represent an integral part of the particular quality *The Reporter* seeks to offer its readers.

It was the church at Taxco in Mexico that furnished **Vladimir Bobri** with the inspiration for this issue's cover. Born in Kharkov in the Ukraine, Mr. Bobri went into exile at the end of the Russian Revolution, painted scenery for the ballet in Constantinople, painted ikons for a Greek monastery on the island of Halki, ended up in New York. His arrival was the beginning of a very successful career as a designer of textiles and advertisements and as a painter. He also belongs to that select company of musicians for whom the guitar represents the most sensitive of instruments, producing sounds as uncluttered and precise as those of the harpsichord. He was founder of the Society of the Classic Guitar and is a composer. At present he is busy preparing a series of illustrated children's books.

OUR NEXT issue will burrow underneath the mountain of speculation by press and radio that accompanied the death of Joseph Stalin and the rapid decisions about the succession of power in the Kremlin. We shall explore the struggle for authority within Russia, the dilemma created for the satellites by Stalin's hemorrhage, and the opportunities which the new situation creates for American foreign policy. We shall also have an exclusive story by a Soviet doctor, with illuminating sidelights on the recent medical purge and the doctors who treated Stalin.

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CORRESPONDENCE

'SHADOW DIPLOMACY'

To the Editor: In "The Reporter's Notes" of February 3 you suggest that the United States should assign "shadow representatives" to the United Nations in order to save our truly capable men for more important occasions. These shadow diplomats, you say, should be competent, patient frustrators like the Soviet representatives.

Nothing would please the Kremlin more. Our behavior in the United Nations is constantly scrutinized by the entire world. Much of our strength and appeal to the free peoples lies in our sincere adherence to principle and hope. To abandon it would be to lose that advantage. Further criticism of Soviet tactics would then be ridiculous. Who would believe we were really attempting to ease tensions, stabilize the world, and bring about an honest peace?

JAMES T. MITCHELL
Washington, D. C.

THE NEW JURISPRUDENCE

To the Editor: Thanks for "Lawmakers As Judges" (by William H. Berman and Walter F. Hoffmann, *The Reporter*, February 17). If there is a proper place in a democratic republic for a Congressional investigating committee, then certainly its function should be to produce legislation or at least recommendations to the judiciary for prosecution. And certainly no published implication of guilt or innocence of any individual should precede the verdict of a qualified court.

CHARLES H. COWAN
Emporia, Kansas

To the Editor: As a former judge of the District Court in Utah, I am keenly aware of the absolute necessity of treating all witnesses justly and impartially. I always have tried to keep this aim uppermost in mind in investigative work since coming to the Senate.

I feel that the investigations now underway and about to begin in the Senate will be held on a dignified level in nearly all cases and that those appearing as witnesses will find their rights adequately protected.

ARTHUR V. WATKINS
U.S. Senate
Committee on the Judiciary
Washington, D.C.

VOCATIONAL HAZARDS

To the Editor: "Ex-Presidents live long—longer than most Americans," writes Gilbert Bailey in your issue of February 17. This "actuarial surprise" results, not from the facts, but from a bad mishandling of the figures. It is like betting on only the horses which complete the last jump in a steeplechase; you can't help getting more winners than the man who bets before the race starts. Giving "the twenty-three [Presidents] who survived the office before Hoover" a flatfooted start with the rest of us, we find that:

1. They became ex-Presidents, on the average, when they were sixty years old and lived for about a decade thereafter.

2. The average white male aged sixty in 1949 could expect to live 15.5 years longer—more than fifty per cent longer than did the ex-Presidents.

In short, ex-Presidents do not live as long as do most Americans.

N. C. WEBB, JR.
Boston

PHANTOM VOTES IN WATERFORD

To the Editor: In Erling Larsen's article on skywatching in Waterford, Minnesota (*The Reporter*, March 3), he writes, "I don't suppose there are more than sixty people living here." Two paragraphs later he states, "At the election itself, we gave Eisenhower 170 votes against 19 for Stevenson."

Small-town politics, huh?

LEO F. REDFERN
Arlington, Massachusetts

(The first reference was to the village of Waterford; the second, perhaps not clearly enough, to Waterford Township.)

GETTING AND SPENDING

To the Editor: Graham Hutton's article on the dollar shortage (*The Reporter*, March 3) is in serious error when it is claimed that the main element behind the dollar scarcity is the difference in the rate of economic growth between the United States and Europe. The statement is wrong for two reasons.

In the first place it is not likely that American production is growing more rapidly than European. Since 1948, production in the United States has been increasing about four per cent per year; the rate of increase in the countries of western Europe has been approximately the same, although there are slight differences between countries.

In the second place it would not make any difference if American productivity were increasing more rapidly than European. If American income is increasing rapidly, then American expenditures—including imports—should also increase rapidly; and if American expenditures are increasing more rapidly than European, American imports should increase more than European imports. This would be true even though Europeans might spend more of their income on imports than Americans.

MORRIS H. CRAWFORD
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MAX ASCOLI

The Image of America

THE PRESIDENT himself has said it recently: He rather dislikes the term "psychological warfare." As a man who knows war, he thinks that phrase-makers, in their search for catchall metaphors, should leave war alone.

Yet the country has never been plagued with so much talk about psychological warfare, battles for the minds of men, waging peace, and propaganda offensives as during these first months of the Eisenhower Administration. The General has doffed his uniform, but the civilians whose assistance he needs to bring forth his statesmanship are engrossed in martial ventures like the liberation of enslaved peoples, the harassment of obnoxious enemies—all, of course, ventures of the psychological variety.

FOR QUITE some time, well before the beginning of the Eisenhower Presidency, strategists and politicians had been freely trespassing on each other's territory. The MacArthur hearings were a unique experiment in open strategy, openly arrived at. Theories of defense or victory through air power have been publicly endorsed by men like Herbert Hoover and Robert Taft. High military leaders like the late Admiral Sherman have taken it upon themselves to decide who our allies should be. Now the debate on how to break the Korean stalemate proceeds uninhibited. There are those who favor a frontal attack in force with a larger number of American divisions, those who prefer an amphibious landing of the Inchon type, those who advocate trans-Yalu bombing, the liberation of North Korea up to the waist of the peninsula, a blockade of China, and so forth. Generals and admirals have no qualms about airing their views, and what they leave unsaid or tuck away as classified material is probably of little interest to the enemy's intelligence services.

Now the Administration has opened the political offensive by starting the debate on psychological warfare. The discussion is about ultimate goals that are both obvious and unrelated to our means. We would like to free all peoples, including the Russians, from Communist tyranny. We refuse to acknowledge the permanent enslavement of nations which have been our allies during the war, and assume that in the refusal of recognition today there is a guarantee of liberation tomorrow. The all-pervading assumption seems to be that the enslaved peoples will break their chains if only we exert the proper pressure on their psyches. There will be no vulgar fighting, since the means we are going to use are, for the most part, verbal. These means, of course, are called weapons—psychological weapons. This weird reasoning, which long antedates the Eisenhower Administration, has now become the latest national craze.

The party that for twenty years has acted as the spokesman for the potential majority of the nation at long last has had its claim borne out. Because of the new responsibilities that fall on them, our new government leaders are undergoing a huge, accelerated adult-education training program. In our country, this education, which must make the former pretenders into actual leaders, is conducted in public, with cameras and microphones all around. The first classroom boners have thus been broadcast freely to the nation and the world. Granted all this, the present-day infatuation with psychological warfare as the main tool of foreign policy is fast reaching psychopathic proportions.

The Demagogues and the Projector

The most effective instrument for persuasion of foreign peoples is the image of America, and we are only just beginning to gauge its power and its range. But we definitely know that it is constantly tampered with by the skillful malevolence of the enemy. Being a free and impressionable lot, we are inclined to think that in defending ourselves we can freely play

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with the lights and shadows of this image, and obtain glamorous or scary effects, like children with a magic lantern.

The fact is, however, that what really gets across to other people's minds are our actions and our beliefs, the way we behave and talk at home and abroad—and Americans happen now to be all over the non-Communist world. This doesn't leave much room for retouching and embellishment. We can, and must, of course, counteract what the enemy does to disfigure in other people's minds the notion of our doings and of our intentions. We can, within limits, influence the reception of our image abroad. This is called propaganda—a very difficult art whose function, when used by a free nation like ours, is remedial rather than creative, since at best it can dispose of those prejudices that prevent other people from recognizing us.

Whether we like it or not, we are seen and heard even when we forget that we are seen and heard. We —particularly the men who make political news in our country—live on a TV stage and are on the air twenty-four hours a day. Our propaganda can highlight for foreign reception the live, unrehearsed features of the show we put on. The propaganda of a free nation, made up of tumultuous, exuberant individuals, must address itself to the individual and to his capacity for reasoning, which persists no matter how rudely he may have been oppressed by totalitarian tyranny. If it broadens, even by an inch, the individual's horizon, if it stirs up his rational capacities and his will to survive, then it is worthwhile.

But again, the limit of our effectiveness abroad is determined by what we do at home. We can never shake off fear and propagate freedom among fearful, unfree people unless on the national scene we behave as men who are free and unafraid. The freedom we enjoy makes us a peculiar people. Perhaps those who are enslaved have difficulty in understanding us. Right now the potential effectiveness of our psychological warfare is dissipated by the reckless talk about psychological warfare.

And how much sane, truthful propaganda will be needed to counteract the damage done abroad by our present-day investigations of America's propaganda? The whole world knows about our demagogues these days and about the most sinister of them all, whose bulky figure is now in front of the machines designed to project, or rather to edit the projection of, the image of America abroad. We have always had our demagogues throughout our national history. Their doings cannot be condoned, any more than treason can be condoned. But if they are castigated as severely as they deserve by public opinion, by the Administration, and first of all by the President, then their castigation will reassure and hearten free men all over the world. For free men will realize that here in our country we, who are no better than other human beings, are exposed to evil, but also that we have the capacity to stamp out evil.

Don't Keep Anybody Guessing

Perhaps, having found ourselves in an extraordinarily short time protagonists on the world stage, we have become somewhat stage-struck. Sometimes we have been frightened, sometimes overemboldened by the influence we have abroad. But now the time has come when we must regain our composure, for we are on the stage for keeps, and what is being acted is a very serious drama. There is not much room for bluffing, or boasting, or dreaming that we can destroy the enemy through verbal assault or cloak-and-dagger "Terry-and-the-Pirates" acts.

Terribly serious times are ahead of us, for just a couple of months after our orderly change of Administration, in Russia also new men have come to power. These men are not likely to admit their ultimate intentions to their enslaved peoples or to us. Rather, some day they may confess, one by one, that all they have ever done has been part of a treasonable conspiracy, when, according to well-established precedent, they will start hunting each other. They are men accustomed to work in darkness, while we have an overabundance of klieg lights.

This is a time for extreme vigilance, a time when our policy must be set straight so that our own, the Allied, and the enemy nations may gain the clearest possible notion about the kind of people we are and what we want. Our aim is peace, a peace with a premium for nations with free institutions, a peace in which totalitarian rulers may find it increasingly difficult to perpetuate their power. We can never be reconciled with tyranny, but we cannot offer freedom to enslaved peoples at the price of war.

This is the time for a firm American policy, proportionate with our means, designed to stop the doubts and guessing about our intentions. If we have such a policy and back it up here at home by showing how we deal with our internal dangers, then we can count on the effectiveness of that remedial tool which is propaganda.

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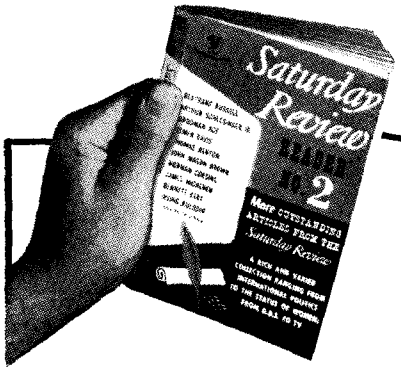

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Psychological Warfare: Can It Sell Freedom?

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, Jr.

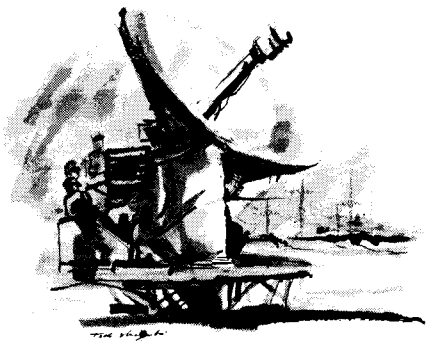
SINCE January 20, "psychological warfare" has enjoyed a considerable boom in Washington. In formal statements and off-the-record conferences, Administration officials have announced the start of a "psychological offensive" that will recapture the initiative in the cold war, reverse the international guessing game, give Peking the jitters, confuse and torment the Kremlin, and, for once, keep the Communists "off balance" in the world war of wills. Instead of "containment," which is rejected as static, immoral, and suicidal, we are now to carry the psychological war to the enemy, denounce international agreements, step up assaults by leaflet and by short-wave radio, and affirm "liberation" as the explicit objective of our policy.

In all this, psychological-warfare techniques are to play the key role. When Mr. Dulles, the new Secretary of State, was explaining to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee how he proposed to liberate the satellite states without war, he said, "Those who do not believe that results can be accomplished by moral pressures, by the weight of propaganda, just do not know what they are talking about." He pointed out that Soviet Communism itself had made its greatest conquests by methods of political warfare, psychological warfare, and propaganda. "Surely what they can accomplish, we can accomplish. Surely if they can use moral and psychological force, we can use it. . . ."

POLITICAL warfare cannot, of course, be counted a bold new idea on this continent. From Tom Paine and Sam Adams through Wilson and Roosevelt to Harry Truman, the United States has practiced political warfare. In the last five years, indeed, our government has conducted political warfare skillfully and effectively. By 1951, the Secretary's brother, Allen W. Dulles, present director of the Central Intelligence Agency and one of the most astute intelligence men in the country, could say: "We are not now losing the ideological war with Communism. In fact, I believe that the tide . . . turned about a year ago."

But, in waging its side of the cold war, the Truman Administration stuck pretty much to the traditional weapons of political warfare: the policy statement (e.g., the Truman Doctrine), the military undertaking (e.g., the Berlin airlift, commitment of American troops to Europe), the politico-economic program (e.g., the Marshall Plan), the diplomatic maneuver (e.g., aid to Tito, the North Atlantic pact). It did not rely particularly on the more specialized weapons of psychological warfare.

While psychological warfare overlaps political warfare, it also differs from it. It is closest to political warfare in such areas as overt propaganda, like the Voice of America. But psychological warfare also includes certain blacker arts—the techniques of cover and deception, which persuaded the Germans in June, 1944, that the major Allied attack was coming at the Pas-de-Calais; the techniques of black propaganda, by which the German Army in the last war listened to broadcasts from what purported to be a secret radio transmitter controlled by dissident German army officers, not knowing that they actually came from a country house in England; and the techniques known discreetly in Britain and America as "special operations," which are responsible for the creation and supply of underground organizations in enemy territory.



The 'Liberation' Hoopla

For the Truman Administration, psychological warfare was essentially an auxiliary weapon—auxiliary both to diplomatic policy and to military power. But to an increasingly vocal minority in Washington during the last years of the Truman Administration, psychological warfare came to seem an independent weapon, powerful in its own right, whose uninhibited use could take the place of diplomacy and rearmament and change the whole atmosphere of the cold war.

A number of Republican Congressmen, like Representative Charles J. Kersten of Wisconsin and Representative O. K. Armstrong of Missouri, saw in psychological warfare a means of by-passing what seemed to them the suspiciously cautious policies of the State Department. Others, like Senator Ralph Flanders of Vermont, feared the economic consequences of heavy military spending and saw in psychological warfare a cut-rate substitute for the hopelessly expensive policy of building strength in the free

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world. All found comfort and instruction from a retired brigadier general, Bonner F. Fellers, who was then working for the Republican National Committee.

To Kersten and Fellers probably goes the credit for inventing the new doctrine of "liberation," which was soon to be contrasted so sharply with the alleged Truman policy of "containment." Kersten, an admirer and imitator of Joe McCarthy, seemed, in particular, to have unlimited faith in the power of the psychological offensive. The people of eastern Europe and Russia, by his analysis, were simply awaiting a hot tip from the short-wave radio in New York to rise and destroy their Communist oppressors; and this signal, he believed, was withheld only because the State Department had fallen into the hands of fellow travelers and appeasers. In this faith, he succeeded in adding the Kersten Amendment to the Mutual Security Act of 1951, authorizing the government to spend $100 million for persons "who are residing" behind the Iron Curtain, the money to be used for helping them to form units of the NATO defense force "or for other purposes."

If Kersten and Fellers invented the "liberation" thesis, John Foster Dulles made it respectable. At the start, Dulles was too closely connected with the Administration to charge that the Truman-Acheson program was a defensive policy of acquiescence in the enslavement of independent peoples. Even as late as May, 1952, Dulles conceded that "some highly competent work is being done, at one place or another, to promote liberation." But this was not enough, he contended; the liberation policy could not really get under way until the United States *"makes it publicly known that it wants and expects liberation to occur."* The "mere statement of that wish," Dulles promised, would "change, in an electrifying way, the mood of the captive peoples."

In the next few months, Dulles made his faith in psychological warfare more specific. In August he suggested that the Voice of America should begin to stir up the spirit of resistance behind the Iron Curtain; then the Committee for a Free Europe might drop arms and supplies by parachute; then the Communists, realizing that they had swallowed more than they could digest, would give it all up and go home. In September, he even declared that psychological warfare could end the Korean War: "We could so deluge the Communist forces in North Korea with effective propaganda that their rulers would want to get them out of the range of that propaganda and be eager to end the condition which made it legitimate for us to carry on that propaganda . . ."

New Team, Unfamiliar Game

The Eisenhower Administration's present infatuation with psychological warfare emerged out of this background. John Foster Dulles, determined as Secretary of State to turn the tide of the ideological war in 1953 (even though his brother Allen had declared that the tide had turned in 1951), has lost no opportunity since the election to emphasize

his intention of mounting an offensive of ideas. At the same time, he has made it clear that he regards the State Department as primarily a policymaking agency; its operating responsibilities, including, for example, the Voice of America, should go elsewhere. This is a singular position, in view of the unhappy experience of Cordell Hull and a hundred other Washington administrators who discovered that when they gave away operations, they gave away policy too; but Mr. Dulles, for all that, seems intent on trying the experiment again.

In any case, both the policy problem and the organizational problem raised anew the question of the role of psychological warfare in the new Government. On January 26, President Eisenhower appointed a Committee on International Information Activities to report on the whole psychological-warfare front. Its chairman was Colonel William H. Jackson, who had proved himself a first-class intelligence officer in the Twelfth Army group during the last war. Its most spectacular member, C. D. Jackson of *Time-Life,* had been Deputy Chief of Psychological Warfare at SHAEF. On February 16 he was made a White House assistant to deal with psychological-warfare problems.

The Jackson Committee has an admirable opportunity to reconsider the whole cult of psychological warfare, for it is becoming increasingly urgent that we have a precise evaluation of the potentialities and limitations of this weapon that has so recently come into its own—and of the illusions about it. To suggest that the cult is founded on illusion is not to say that psychological warfare cannot produce local reactions (as Radio Free Europe has sometimes done), or that it is not a tactical weapon of first-rate importance, or that political warfare will not be of the greatest importance in the years ahead. Nor is it to say that psychological warfare cannot itself be a striking weapon of the greatest force in the hands of a totalitarian state like the Soviet Union.

It is to say, however, that in the hands of a democratic state, psychological warfare is a weapon with grave and important limitations. When Secretary Dulles said that we could accomplish what the Soviet Union could accomplish, he omitted the most important factor in the equation—the fact that the Soviet Union, like Nazi Germany, is a totalitarian state, while the United States is (and one trusts will remain) a free society.

A totalitarian state can use psychological warfare like a sword. For the Communists or Nazis, psychological warfare is automatically unified in

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concept, ruthless and flashing in execution. There are solid reasons for believing that this can never be the case in a free society.

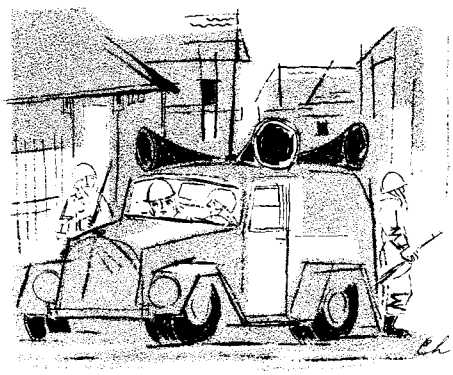
The Age of C. D. Jackson

What are the requirements for making psychological warfare a really effective weapon? C. D. Jackson stated them with candor a couple of years back, long before he became the psychological-warfare czar of the Eisenhower Administration: "The ingredient that is going to make us win [this psychological war]," he said, "is fanaticism." Not only must we be fanatics ourselves but "we have got to instill fanaticism for our cause in a lot of doubtful friends and even more doubtful on-the-fencers." The next essential ingredient was "flexibility and maneuverability"; and the three other important elements were "(1) money, (2) no holds barred, and (3) no questions asked."

A moment's reflection will show the extent to which these conditions, while quite compatible with a totalitarian society, would be largely incongruous with a free and diverse society like our own. Take the first: fanaticism. Free men just aren't fanatics, as Communists and Nazis are; and if they do become fanatics, freedom shrinks from them. Nor have free nations fanatical and disciplined fifth columns in other lands. The project of instilling fanaticism "for our cause" in our allies is possible only in one way: that is, by converting allies into satellites and instilling fanaticism through fear.

The requirements of "fanaticism" and "flexibility" may be quite consistent in a totalitarian society; for fanaticism, when it has destroyed its opposition and has won total power, can easily become flexible. Indeed, it *must* develop a kind of flexibility—the flexibility which an anonymous writer in *Foreign Affairs* recently called the "artificial dialectic"—because, once it has eliminated the natural resistances of history and society, it has no other way of correcting its own tendencies. In a society where political opposition still exists, however, fanaticism must inevitably breed inflexibility. The recent McCarthy investigations of the Voice of America emphasize the point.

McCarthy, who will do as an American fanatic until the real thing comes along, recently became enraged over a Voice of America directive which suggested that pro-American material in the writings of Soviet-endorsed authors, such as Howard Fast, might be used on the Voice to earn "a special credibility among selected key audiences." As a result of McCarthy's pressure, the State Department hastily issued a new and sweeping directive forbidding the use in any medium of material "by any controversial person, Communists, fellow-travelers, etc."



Now the original directive might or might not have been wise. But it represented a legitimate psychological-warfare choice, which the post-McCarthy directive flatly foreclosed. The preservation of choice is the essence of the "flexibility and maneuverability" so correctly valued by C. D. Jackson. It is obviously going to be hard to sustain such flexibility against the fanaticism of McCarthy.

As for Jackson's last three elements, the first—money—can be passed over here. As for "no holds barred," this injunction raises possibilities of moral and human corruption that have already alarmed the Washington *Post*. The lie, the ruse, the feint, crooked propaganda, clandestine operations—these, the *Post* said recently, are "un-American weapons." No doubt, the *Post* concedes, they can be used in small doses during an emergency, as a doctor might prescribe drugs; but, taken too often and in too large doses, they might create addicts. "Whether the new devices in psychological warfare will prove unhealthy to the men in the Kremlin, we don't know," the *Post* concludes; "but we do know that the zest with which many of our young men are learning to employ them might be unhealthy to the American future."

The *Post* probably has a sound point. But it is perhaps less important than the implications of C. D. Jackson's last ingredient: "no questions asked." For here we get at the very vitals of free government. Jackson is undoubtedly right in suggesting that the asking of questions hampers the effective use of the weapons of psychological warfare. How successful would any of the great Soviet psychological campaigns have been if Menshevik Deputies had made embarrassing interrogations in the Supreme Soviet, or if the diplomatic correspondent of *Pravda* kept writing stories explaining what the Soviet Foreign Office was really up to? But can a democracy not ask questions?

After the announcement of the deneutralization of Formosa, John J. Sparkman, in a notable speech in the Senate, asked some searching questions about the possible meaning of the decision. Senator William F. Knowland was quick to reply. Senator Sparkman, he suggested, had failed to understand that we were "conducting a psychological campaign against the Communists." In psychological warfare, it would be "the height of folly" for the Administration to signal its intentions by giving assurances about policy to our own people or to our allies, thereby informing Peking and Moscow. "I can see no valid reasons," Knowland said, "for giving them such assurance." In short, the decision to deneutralize Formosa was not a fit subject for public discussion.

This was a startling new departure for the American democracy. King Lear might rave

> *I will do such things—*
> *What they are yet I know not—but they shall be*
> *The terrors of the earth.*

But in all the heated battles of the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations no government officials or pro-Administration Senators had ever suggested that the Vichy policy of 1942 or the Greek policy of 1947 or the Korea policy of 1951 was not a fit subject for Senatorial discussion. (If they had done so, the press of

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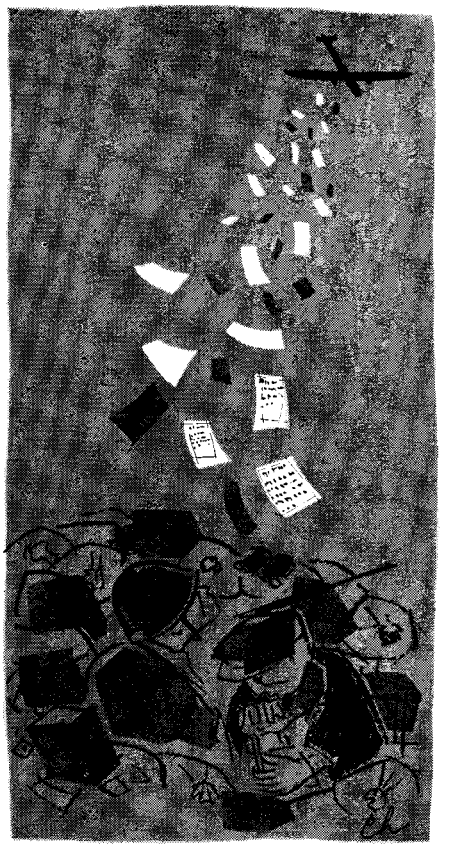
the country would have torn them to bits.) It is hard to suppose that the problem of foreign policy changed qualitatively around noon on January 20, 1953. It is easier to conclude that Senator Knowland, while faithful to the logic of psychological warfare, was false to the logic of a free society.

THE LOGIC of psychological warfare has had equally disconcerting results for our traditions of a free press. Washington newspapermen today hardly know whether to believe the Secretary of State, because they do not know if he is speaking to them as reporters or seeking to use them as instruments of psychological warfare—as dupes who can be counted on to pass along whatever new psychological deceptions the Secretary has thought up. What is the responsibility of a newspaperman when he discovers that some rumored development of policy is really only a psychological-warfare trick? Should he print the truth at the risk of wrecking the plans of the Secretary of State? Or should he suppress the truth, betray himself, and deceive the American people? In strictly military affairs, of course, security must be the paramount interest; but how far is one to go with the logic of psychological warfare when it places the whole field of foreign affairs outside the range of free inquiry and fair comment?

The Formosa episode showed compactly what must happen to pure psychological warfare in a democracy: Either psychological warfare or democracy must give way. If America were a tightly controlled totalitarian state, if there were no Sparkmans to rise in the Senate and no Alsops to write columns entitled "Drivel, Gentlemen, Drivel," if there were no voters to deal with but only fanatics and no allies but only satellites, then the Formosa move might have been a brilliant stroke of psychological warfare. But alas, none of C. D. Jackson's conditions were fulfilled. And it seems hard to see how they can be fulfilled within the limits of a free society. Instead, a preliminary press leak, a debate in Congress, press criticism, remarks in the British Parliament and the French Chamber of Deputies, new



official statements on and off the record, new suppositions, new alarms, new denunciations—all these hashed up the original psychological-warfare idea into a hopeless hodgepodge. Nor is there any reason to think that it will not happen again.

The Real Alternative to War

One must fervently hope that the Eisenhower Administration will soon recognize that the success of the Soviet Union in using psychological warfare does not prove that we can do it just as well—any more than the Soviet Union's success in inducing a large share of its population to work in labor camps proves that we could do it too, if only we set our minds to it. Psychological warfare cannot be a striking weapon of the first importance for a democracy. It is, as our leaders rightly recognized during the Second World War, an auxiliary weapon. It can be enormously useful in special circumstances, as an accessory to diplomacy or to force; it can, in association with other policies, combat neutralism in France or encourage Communist defections in Germany or in Korea. But it cannot be uniquely powerful by itself, it cannot by itself change the atmosphere of the cold war, because a democracy, in the course of its daily operations, will always unveil it, denounce it, ridicule it, and eventually pick it to pieces.

If this recognition comes in time, it may restore the waning confidence of our allies in the sense and sanity of the American government and thus preserve us from diplomatic isolation. It may also call our own government away from the gimmicks with which it is currently disporting itself to the fundamentals of national power—that is, to armed strength and to diplomacy. It is only by armed strength that we can create situations in the world where our diplomacy will have force and meaning. Without increasing armed strength, in the face of a rate of expansion in the Soviet economy twice as great as ours, Dulles's words will ring more and more hollow and impress fewer and fewer people.

And it is only by political warfare—and in particular, by diplomacy—that we can make real progress toward restraining and reducing Soviet power. All the psychological-warfare projects designed to stir up revolt in eastern Europe—the Kersten Amendment, the fiery words to be spoken over the Voice of America, and Mr. Dulles's parachute drops—are far less likely to detach nations from the Soviet bloc than a period of quiet, patient, and cool diplomacy that might in time net another Tito. Eisenhower and Dulles, as Walter Lippmann has suggested, have encouraged the fallacy that the only alternative to war is psychological warfare. "The real alternative to war," Mr. Lippmann correctly says, "is diplomacy."

PSYCHOLOGICAL warfare, in the terms the new Administration is offering to the American people, is an illusion, and a dangerous illusion. Armed might and diplomatic patience and skill are vastly more important; and more important, too, is the nature of the life we live and the society we build here in the United States. For an open society, the only durable propaganda is actuality. We cannot hope to win the free peoples of the world and roll back the Communists by sleight-of-hand, love potions, and voodoo.

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Red Propaganda Can Be Beaten

THOMAS W. WILSON, Jr.

At a United Nations meeting last month in Bandoeng, Indonesia, Communist propaganda fell flat on its face. After the normal tirade by the Soviet delegate, the Indian delegate had this to say: "The U.S.S.R. has done practically nothing to help the region and has attributed malicious motives to other countries that have."

With this undramatic sentence the Indian put his finger on the main defect of Communist propaganda—that it is vulnerable to positive action by the free world. This is the lesson taught by the experience of the last five years in Europe and, to a lesser extent, in Asia.

As the tool of a world-wide conspiracy, Communist propaganda is no more invincible or infallible than the conspiracy it serves. Its function is to aid in the seizure, consolidation, and maintenance of power by Communist minorities.

Men into Mobs

Communist propaganda has one function inside the Soviet Union and the satellite countries, and quite another in the rest of the world. Internally it is used in conjunction with the police power of a ruling group that has complete control of the entire administrative apparatus of the state, to keep its citizen-targets docile and malleable. Once power has been established anywhere, the function of Communist propaganda is to help convince its captive audience that any opposition to the régime is wicked and, above all, hopeless.

Externally, it seeks to make men into mobs that can be swayed easily by emotional appeals. Where deep social upheavals are in process, Communist propaganda seeks to capture and pervert these movements of social protest. In areas like western Europe, where societies have been frozen into static forms, it tries to weaken the confidence of people in their governments, to set group against group, to prevent effective anti-Communist alliances by playing up the natural sources of friction between nations. Communist propagandists have gone to hysterical lengths to exacerbate French fears of Germany and vice versa. They strain to create issues between the United States and its allies over minor differences of opinion about strategic trade controls. They work desperately to divide and weaken the NATO alliance. And, round the clock, seven days a week, they look for new ways to encourage apathy and neutralism.

Up to a point, they are effective. Several years ago a public-opinion poll in France asked 2,500 men and women which political parties they felt were concerned with the interest of the workingman. Twenty-three per cent named the Communist Party and eighteen per cent said the Socialist Party; not one of the 2,500 mentioned any other party. Time and again I have heard from French workmen that classical rationalization for the protest vote which strengthens the Communists in France and elsewhere: *enfin ça doit changer*. Words alone, repeated often enough, can be effective in persuading people that Communism is the answer to their problems, provided they are convinced that the existing order is intolerable, and that no other solution is in sight.

Advantages and Techniques

In pursuing their aims, Communist propagandists have some advantages that are inherent in their mission. Their marching orders consist of a well-understood body of dogma. They are uninhibited by scruple; this makes for great maneuverability and permits them, without asking themselves embarrassing questions, to exploit every national and local prejudice. Outside the Iron Curtain they have the advantage of attacking the existing order—a far easier job than trying to improve it.

The Communists have also developed some effective techniques of operation. They are fully aware that the most effective single technique yet discovered for influencing the attitudes and behavior of human beings is word-of-mouth propaganda conducted on a person-to-person basis. This method—agitation, it is called—is used to organize, indoctrinate, and hold together a reliable group of professional revolutionaries. By far the greatest part of the budget of the Commissariat for Agitprop is devoted to agitation—that is, to the organization of conspiracy.

There is a great difference be-

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tween propaganda for party members and that for the masses. Communist output for the consumption of party members is mainly in the form of complex, often highly intellectual explanations of Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist theory and of current party strategy. This provides the doctrine that binds together the conspiracy, and drives it toward goals established by the Kremlin. Propaganda for the masses is designed not to inform, but to appeal to the most basic emotions by the use of the simplest and crudest symbols.

One asset of Communist propaganda is supremely important: The job is carried on by nationals of the country in which they work. Communist propaganda is fed to Italians by Italians, to Greeks by Greeks, to Moroccans by Moroccans, to Iranians by Iranians. There are no Russians dishing out Communist propaganda to the nationals of other countries—at least not on the surface. Communist propagandists do not speak in the name of a foreign power; they speak in the name of their own nationals, of their co-workers, of their neighbors, and thus gain an indispensable basis for credibility.

Communist Failures

The inherent advantages and adopted techniques of Communist propaganda make an impressive list. But I believe we have overrated the Communist propagandists and attributed to propaganda capabilities which it does not possess.

Experience confirms that propaganda alone can accomplish only marginal results unless the rest of the environment is favorable to its reception. Propaganda supports an organization or system or idea; it will appeal to people to the extent that the organization or system or idea responds better than any other available alternative—or can be made to look as though it responds better than any available alternative—to the needs and hopes of the audience.

During the past five years in western Europe, Communist propaganda threw in everything it had to defeat the Marshall Plan, to stop the delivery of American arms, to frustrate and then sabotage NATO and SHAPE, to prevent the fulfillment of the Schuman Plan, to break the will

of France to carry on in Indo-China, to wreck every move toward European unification. In all these tasks, Communist propaganda failed miserably or is fighting a losing battle.

Why? Because Communist words were contradicted by Communist actions and turned aside by effective political, economic, and military action on the part of the free nations. The Communist coup in Czechoslovakia provided a shock to the liberal western conscience from which the Communists have never recovered, despite everything their propaganda tried to do about it. Ever since then, Communist actions, like the purges in the satellites, and our counteractions which their policies have invited (like the Berlin airlift), have been setting up obstacles for Communist propaganda that cannot be hurdled by words.

When the Communists invaded Korea in 1950, their propaganda set out to produce panic in western Europe. But public morale shot up sharply with the U.N. decision to defend the Republic of Korea, slid down during the long retreat to the beachhead, rose again with the Inchon landing, and slipped back once more with the rout at the Yalu. Morale responded directly to the headlines from the front, and no amount of Communist propaganda could convince people that victory was defeat or defeat was victory.

Where the Communists have been conspicuously successful—for example in gaining control of trade unions in western Europe—the task has been accomplished by organization, by penetration, by maneuver, by fraud, and only incidentally by propaganda. By the same token they can be got out of power again by organization and a combination of legislative, administrative, and judicial action, supplemented perhaps by good propaganda, but never by propaganda alone.

THE interdependence of words and actions applies, of course, to our side of the Iron Curtain as well as the Communist side. During the Italian electoral campaign of 1948, the U.S. government offered to back a solution for the problem of Trieste that would be satisfactory to the Italians. That gave definite impetus to the campaign of Premier De Gasperi's Christian Democratic Party. It was, for the moment, good propaganda. But this is 1953, another election is coming up, and so far we have done nothing to support the words of 1948. The Communists are making the most of it.

Beyond the limitations inherent in all propaganda, the Communist variety suffers from special defects of its own, which fortunately are incurable. For one thing, it is bucking the stubborn, innate conservatism of the human animal. For years the Communists in Italy cried out in anguish for land reform. But when the Italian government finally came along with a real program for land reform in southern Italy, the Italian

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Communists fought it: They knew not only that they were being robbed of a propaganda point but that most people prefer evolutionary solutions to revolutionary violence.

Laughter and Surprise

Then, too, Communist propaganda—as the mouthpiece of a humorless form of government—is vulnerable to humor and satire. This has been shown over and again by the lampooning it has taken from Paix et Liberté, a nongovernment anti-Communist propaganda organization in France. As everyone knows, a favorite Communist tactic is to get some party stalwart locked up by the police so that mass meetings can be held to demand the liberation of the martyr. When that happens in France, the Communists smear the walls with the slogan *"Liberez Dupont!"* or whoever is the current victim of the "fascist police." When Maurice Thorez became seriously ill and the Russians whisked him off to a Soviet hospital, Paix et Liberté plastered the walls with the slogan *"Liberez Thorez!"* The laughter that rippled across France left the Communists fuming but helpless.

Paix et Liberté has also demonstrated that Communist propaganda is vulnerable to surprise. In 1951, when the French government introduced a bill in Parliament to extend the length of military service from twelve to eighteen months, the Communists pulled out all the stops. Posters went up all over France: "Down with the eighteen months!" In a day or two Paix et Liberté slapped up its own posters. "Down with the eighteen months!" they said. "We want three years of military service—like they have in the Soviet Union." It was eight days before the Communists could think of an answer, and then it was a lame and complicated story to the effect that military service in the Soviet Union is really just like a college education and nothing at all like military service in a fascist country run by enemies of the people.

Communist propaganda's most conspicuous flop was its frenetic opposition to the Marshall Plan, for which purpose the Communists went to the trouble and expense of organizing the Cominform. Lined up against the Communist propaganda apparatus was a small group of enthusiastic but amateurish U.S. information officers. They were, by and large, a hard-working and imaginative crew, but in terms of manpower, budget, and training they looked a sorry match for the Communist organization. Nevertheless, according to public-opinion polls, fully half the people of western Europe who normally voted Communist—those most accessible and susceptible to Communist propaganda—did not go along with the party line.

The reason was that the American information offices, partly through European governments, were selling a positive program of action that was demonstrably in the interest of the peoples of Europe. They had an alternative to Communist slogans—not just words, but action supported by words. In the final analysis, the Communist system cannot deliver what it promises to deliver, and therein lies the fundamental weakness of its propaganda.

Science Fiction And Germ Warfare

PRESTON SCHOYER

It was in January a year ago that the Chinese Communists first began making a really loud fuss about germ warfare. By now, in addition to "infected" midges, grasshoppers, and other insects, we are said to have dropped germ-laden pancakes, bread, fish, dishpans, oak leaves, earthworms, toothpaste, dead crows, chicken feathers, and cotton waste in North Korea and parts of China.

Odd as this list may seem, it is really not surprising, if one checks up on some of the things we have in recent years been in the habit of tossing behind enemy lines, either for the hell of it or for some obscure military purpose quite unrelated to germs. Only recently a pilot attached a sink to a bomb, as a symbol, so he said, that we meant business in North Korea. ("Everything but the kitchen sink"—and the sink itself.) Germs may very well have been found on the scattered pieces of the sink, and no doubt it was also observed that those fragments were from a type of sink not normally found in North Korea. Then, too, it is likely that a peasant who picked up a fragment was told he might get sick, and so the next day he did (to be saved later, of course, by prompt treatment from a worker in the Anti-Bacteriological Warfare Volunteer Corps).

If any of the geniuses we employed in the last war are still around, a kitchen sink seems a rather commonplace thing to drop on the enemy. In China during the Second World War there was a scheme afoot to float phosphorescent table-tennis balls down the Yangtze at night; it was hoped they would confuse the Japanese and draw their fire. There was also a plan to loose luminous foxes and badgers in Japanese camps at night; the Japanese, it seems, are superstitious about these animals, and glowing ghostly ones were expected to put them in a panic. An-

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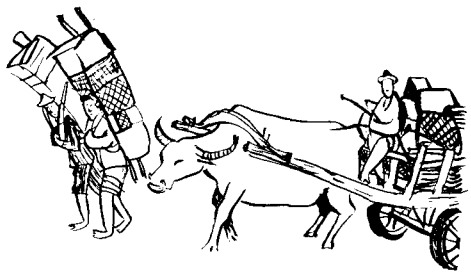

other plan was to send incendiary bats against the Japanese homeland; it was hoped that these kamikazes of the animal kingdom would settle in the eaves of Japanese houses and in due course the small incendiary charges attached to them would explode, causing inexplicable fires, dangerous to Japanese morale and property.

We also developed many strange devices to help downed pilots escape from enemy areas. There were handkerchiefs which would turn into maps if treated with an appropriate acid, bobby pins which became compasses if you balanced them on a matchstick, and army blankets which, dropped in water, revealed a tailor's pattern—once cut and sewn the resultant garment became a disguise: a French peasant's costume, a Tibetan Buddhist's cape, or whatever, depending on the area. Who can say, perhaps the pancakes dropped in North Korea, if heated, rise into handy little relief maps of that perpendicular land.

Precisely what we have dropped I can only surmise, but it is safe to assume that we must have deposited some rather peculiar things behind the lines and that the Oriental mind, considering these items, may have given most of them a wild and erroneous significance. More surprising forms of mythical warfare than the germ one have sprung up in the East before this, grown from less fertile soil and blossoming in thinner air.

Rocks in the Head

One that developed in Central China in 1939 was a lovely example of Oriental imagination at its best, considerably purer than the present germ warfare, which it curiously parallels, because it had less to go on and no organized assistance. I was then in Central China doing medical relief work; and, in the process of delivering supplies to hard-pressed hospitals near the front, I was able to cover this campaign in some detail. I first heard of it from a high-school principal in Changsha, the capital of Hunan Province. The Japanese, he said, were getting desperate. Their economy couldn't stand the strain. The war would soon be over! He knew this because their planes were dropping rocks instead of bombs.

In those days Chinese cities were defenseless and the prime target of most air raids. Nothing could arouse more unreasoning hope than the news that the Japanese were running out of bombs.

About a week later, on a trip to the town of Pinkiang near the front I gave a lift to a minor official who told me that the *hsien* (county) magistrate had nearly been killed several days before. The magistrate, awakened by the sound of planes, had gotten out of bed to put out a lamp in his hall. He had barely reached the door when there was a great crash on the roof, then a second one in his room. When he had recovered from the shock, he found his bed demolished and a boulder the size of a watermelon nestled in the wreckage. The use of boulders did not amaze the official nearly so much as the evidence that the Japanese knew exactly where the magistrate slept. There were spies everywhere, he whispered darkly.

In the next two or three months I must have heard a score of stories about the Japanese rock-dropping warfare. A wounded officer in a mission hospital told me that he and a company of men were moving back from the front when three Japanese planes swooped down on them. Hiding in a thicket, they heard a strange series of sharp thuds. When the planes were gone, they found a score of broken bricks scattered along the road. It was obvious to him that the Japanese had dropped them; he knew of many other cases.

The morning after a plane had flown over the city of Wantsai in Kiangsi Province, a farmer was found dead on a road leading into town. There was an ugly gash in his head. Nearby was a very large rock. It had an unusual greenish color, which was considered proof that the Japanese had dropped it; no rocks of that type had ever been seen in the area before.

I DO NOT know for sure what compound of conditions led the Chinese into discovering this remarkable warfare, but certainly an important one was a noticeable slack in real air attacks through the first half of 1939. The respite didn't last. That summer, in preparation for renewed activity on the Central China front, air raids were stepped up. I had first heard of the "rock warfare" in March or April. By midsummer there were no further reports. A friend who had once been convinced told me knowingly in September that it was all a trick: The Japanese certainly had dropped rocks, he said—not for want of bombs, however, but to arouse false hopes and so soften Chinese resistance.

Not long ago a refugee from China informed me that my "rock-warfare" history was not so funny. A friend of his from Manchuria had told him that in several Chinese towns the Americans had dropped strange bricks—this time with germs on them, *bacilli anthracis*, I think he said. Possibly the rocks dropped on Central China in 1939 also carried *bacilli anthracis*, but the Chinese there weren't indoctrinated in germ warfare till a later date and the local peasantry didn't know enough about bacilli to think of that sort of warfare on their own.

After all, if it hadn't been for our science fiction, it is doubtful if so many of us would have seen those saucerlike space ships, or the little green men sitting in them, either.

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More Psycho Than Logical

ROY A. GALLANT

THE First Radio Broadcast and Leaflet Group, U.S. Army, was assembled in April, 1951, for service in Far Eastern Psychological Warfare. We, the members of this redoubtable company-sized formation, had been selected because our civilian vocations had touched in one way or another on the making and shaping of public opinion. We were journalists, magazine writers, advertising men, teachers, artists, radio writers and broadcasters, and postgraduate students in the field of public affairs.

We got our basic training in a Kansas fort with the usual regimen of inspections, obstacle-course workouts, hours on the rifle range, day-long hikes, and combat exercises. Between the drills, we were given several talks on propaganda analysis and leaflet and radio techniques. These talks were general in nature, with little emphasis and scanty information on the specific problems of the Far East.

We were rather poorly informed on the customs, religions, superstitions, prejudices, taboos, political history, and geography of the area when we arrived in Tokyo in August. But we were expected to pitch in immediately and churn out vast quantities of leaflets and broadcasts.

We knew very little about what Psywar had already done, and before we could function properly on the preparation of a single leaflet or broadcast we had to read and digest mountains of documents—interrogation reports, past leaflets, intelligence summaries, and directives.

Actually, so far as the spirit of the reigning minds of Psywar Staff Section was concerned, all this conscientiousness on our parts was gratuitous. For Staff Section, as we realized later, operated on the premise that knowledge was nothing, production everything. In the U.S. Army, despite all the experiences of the Second World War, psychological warfare was still a new concept, one which got little welcome and no encouragement from old Army men. As luck (and the Army) would have it, the proponents of the new warfare generally found themselves under the command of old-line soldiers impatient with modern nonsense.

Back in Kansas, six of our twenty-five officers had been detached from the daily drills so that they could attend the Army's new Psychological Warfare School, which was struggling to wriggle loose from the ideological grasp of the Army Command and General Staff College. They got quite a bit of useful knowledge there, but it didn't get them or the rest of us very far at Psywar in Tokyo.

THE CHIEF of Psywar in that area was, as we were to discover, a MacArthur favorite who apparently saw the Korean War in terms of a larger 1857 Indian Mutiny. Many of the top Staff Section officers had come into Psywar by way of their experience as technical experts in tanks and artillery. A special group of Staff Section colonels had the final say on the texts of our leaflets and broadcasts. These colonels, possibly very good combat officers, had no experience or knowledge of Asian populations and their ways, and certainly no great appreciation of the various tactics of propaganda. What each of them did have was an extensive collection of amusing anecdotes which served him as a complete guide to the Oriental character. Such a colonel usually edited a leaflet text according to how it fitted in with one of his favorite anecdotes. When the anecdotes clashed—that is to say, when there was a policy disagreement among the Staff Section officers (and there generally was)—the anecdote with the highest seniority usually won out.

I remember only one of these officers who admitted he didn't know what he was doing. One of our writers, mystified by this colonel's peculiar editing of a particular leaflet, had the hardihood to approach him and ask for elucidation. The colonel replied: "I made the change because I thought it should be that way. Maybe it was better before I edited it, I don't know. I don't know anything about the Chinese and I don't know anything about psychological warfare. I'm here because the Army put me here."

Everything's SECRET

At General Ridgway's headquarters the Psywar Staff Section had been attending to everything before we came—not only the making of propaganda policy but the actual writing and editing of texts. Upon arrival, we were ordered to take over "operations"—the writing, editing, and broadcasting—so that the Staff Sec-

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tion could concentrate on its proper function of planning and making policy. We were assigned a number of Oriental advisers who knew our audience and would save us from blunders, and who would translate our texts into Chinese and Korean.

The Staff Section had an intelligence department which culled and collated information for our use. Some of it came from confidential and secret sources, but a good part of it came from such wide-open sources as *Stars and Stripes*, the *Nippon Times*, the *Japan News*, Chinese Communist papers, U.S. Chinese-language papers, and from reports in American papers such as the New York *Times*. A lot of this wide-open press material was quite useful as background for our general purposes.

Unfortunately, the whole mass of information, the wide-open as well as the classified, had been put together and bound by the intelligence department into special booklets, each of which was marked SECRET in big red letters on the cover. Too often, a useful quotation from a Red Chinese paper was classified in the Intelligence Section's reports. And when one of us wanted to use some information that had already appeared in *Stars and Stripes* or the New York *Times*, he sometimes discovered that it, too, was classified—a designation which should interest the editors of the *Times*, anyway.

To requests for permission to use such material, the Staff Section chief would reply: "We'll have to get it downgraded before you can use it." Since a downgrading generally took anywhere from a day to a week, and since leaflets and radio scripts had to be produced on a deadline schedule, the writers and researchers could not wait, and frequently they had to base their propaganda on generalities.

Weakening Enemy Eyes

Take the matter of leaflet strategy. In Psywar's concept, there are times when it is inadvisable to shower leaflets too profusely upon the enemy. Frequently it is best to drop only a small number of leaflets on a large audience, so that the message may be spread mainly by mounting rumor rather than by the actual leaflet itself. Such delicate concepts were rarely considered by the Staff Section, which was always out for quantity production in a big way.

Instead of concentrating on a small number of strong central themes, the Staff Section insisted on a vast variety of propaganda themes, some fifty or more, with which to confuse and stagger the Communist soldier every week: nostalgic thoughts of peace, home, family; the undesirability of death when there was so much to live for; all-comprehensive news bulletins; all-informative political essays; how-to-surrender cartoon stories; bomb-warning leaflets; and a host of others. This might have been all right if the Communist soldiers had had the leisure and the mental complexity to absorb all this, to say nothing of the desire. Indeed, it seemed sometimes as if the Staff Section visualized the Red front as

a vast reading room of Chinese and Korean students hungering for western education, or as though our primary objective were to weaken the enemy's eyes.

The Psywar School had made a point of emphasizing that a leaflet's primary purpose is not necessarily to get prisoners—but if it does, fine. The first purpose is to weaken the enemy's will to fight. In leaflets as in other propaganda operations, timing is important. At a time when Communist soldiers were attacking fiercely, one Staff Section colonel insisted, despite the protests of our Group and of two Oriental advisers, that in the future every leaflet conclude with the words: ESCAPE! SAVE YOUR LIFE!

Once the topic for a leaflet was determined, a writer and his Oriental adviser would get together and confer on how it should be expressed so that it would appear credible to the enemy and would go into translation easily. This always took some doing. Idiomatic expressions in English seldom have counterparts in Chinese or Korean. What appears serious to an English reader is sometimes puzzling, sometimes hilarious to a Chinese or Korean. So writer and adviser would work it out together for clarity and force, and for the avoidance of pitfalls. As soon as the result got the approval of writer, adviser, and the Group's officers, it was submitted to the Staff Section, where at one time three colonels, one major, and a civilian considered the text and often edited it out of sense and reason.

Whenever a leaflet dealt with a topic that only an Oriental adviser could treat convincingly, the adviser would first write the leaflet in Chinese or Korean and then translate it into English for the perusal of Group and Staff Section. In cases of this kind, the leaflet writers refrained from editing too severely the advisers' English translations before submitting them to the Staff Section. This was to retain as much of the flavor of the original text as possible. Once when such a leaflet came to a Staff Section colonel, he frowned on reading it and said, "Don't you think this sounds a little too *Chinesey*?"

Officers of the First Radio Broadcasting and Leaflet Group soon realized that their leaflet propaganda was designed for two different audiences: the Staff Section colonels first, the enemy last. At that, it did not even succeed with the colonels, for none of them, so far as I know, surrendered, escaped, resigned, retired, rotated, were educated to democracy, or died—although some of them may have been promoted to brigadier general by this time.

Sins of Omission

Staff Section, as I have said, pulsed with activity. But when it came to the Communists' pernicious charge that we were waging bacteriological warfare, silence prevailed. It may be that Psywar felt it didn't want to lend dignity or give additional publicity to the charges by answering them, but such an attitude would

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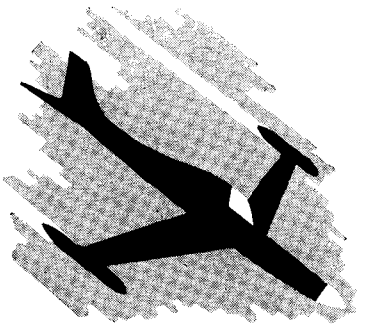


seem more fitting for a gentlemen's club than for an army fighting a war against a murderously unscrupulous foe. It might have been good public-relations strategy for a New York corporation, but it was dismal as a propaganda tactic in the Far East. To the uninformed masses in that area, the silence must have seemed like an admission of guilt.

At any rate, it was several weeks before Psywar Staff Section could be persuaded to permit the making of a leaflet answering this charge. The leaflet said the epidemics in Korea were not due to a bacterial campaign but to unsanitary conditions in the Communist zone. The leaflet was produced only in the Korean language, and was a one-shot proposition.

In the meantime, the Communist propagandists, by constant repetition, had gotten millions of people to believe their charge. So widespread was their campaign that they even organized mass meetings of protest in European countries.

ANOTHER grave example of omission appeared in the Koje prison-camp riots. Communist propaganda officers the world over, and particularly in Korea, outdid themselves with their frenzied hour-by-hour depictions of U.S. "torture" and "cruelty." But again Psywar Staff Section's policy was silence. That silence was seized and capitalized upon by the Communist propagandists. To North Korean and Chinese troops it was interpreted as unmistakable evidence of our culpability. To them the moral was: "If you surrender or are captured by the U.S. barbarians, you will be tortured and killed." Yet surrender leaflets continued to be strewn over the Korean landscape.

Still another serious omission was a failure by Psywar to establish, by repetition, that it was the United Nations, not the United States alone, that was fighting in Korea. Asia hears from the Communist propagandists continuously that it is only the United States which is warring, and the Reds concentrate their propaganda on "American imperialist aggressions in Asia." Our Group, several months after its arrival in Tokyo, printed leaflets showing the U.N. emblem and explaining why the United Nations was fighting in Korea. A campaign of this type, however, requires a concentrated effort over a period of several months. This the Staff Section saw no need for.

Staff-Section Stakhanovites

But if there was so much silence where it was unwarranted, there was, on the other hand, plenty of loquacity where it didn't matter. And as for quantity of output, the Psywar Staff Section seemed to be rivaling the War Production Board in the making and breaking of records. There was a period of several weeks toward the end of last year when the Staff Section's goal was to drop fourteen million leaflets a week. This was done for no other reason than to bring the year's total to one billion.

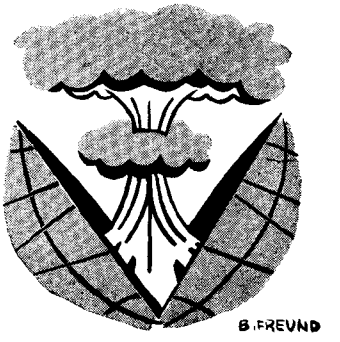
The figure of one billion did not include the millions of leaflets dropped by Eighth Army Psywar operating in Korea, or those produced by the Staff Section prior to our Group's arrival. In order to achieve this overwhelming total of leaflets, the Group's staff was directed to design "little" leaflets, which were about two inches square. (Standard leaflets were five by eight, and the propaganda news sheets were eight by ten.) Several of Psywar's Oriental advisers were both amused and dismayed by the "little" leaflets—amused by the snowflake size and dismayed because they found difficulty in condensing the English messages into three to twelve Chinese and Korean characters. A ten-word English sentence may require from twenty-five to fifty characters in Chinese and even more in Korean.

A Psywar graduate psychologist specializing in group attitudes was amazed by the record of fourteen million leaflets a week. "Don't they have any concept of target saturation?" he asked. "Target saturation" can be defined loosely as the number of leaflets that has the desired effect on a specific number of individuals in a given area. Figuring it on averages, there were given areas where each Communist soldier could have received three hundred copies of each leaflet. Any advertising agency knows this is a good way to develop sales resistance.

Wanted: Quick Answers

It was not until July, 1952, that Pentagon officials withdrew Psywar's Far Eastern chief from his seat of power. Dominating Far Eastern Psywar since the outbreak of the Korean War, he had constantly ignored fundamental concepts and was responsible for much of the stultifying quality of the propaganda in that area. But he had had two years to establish and maintain his conservative policies, and by the time he was recalled the damage had been done.

There are military areas, true enough, where the decision is gained solely by guns, tanks, and bombs, but that is not generally the case on the continent of Asia, where the Communists have scored psychological success not because their propaganda is so brilliant but because ours has been so poor. Even that strictly military campaigner, Field Marshal Montgomery, not long ago paid tribute to the great necessity for good propaganda fighting. Calling for more and better U.N. propaganda, he spoke specifically of the need for U.N. propagandists to answer Red propaganda campaigns *immediately*—the same day, not a month later, when it is too late to repair the damage. As matters now stand, there are still too few influential Army leaders who are impressed by the need for effective psychological warfare in the Far East.



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The Land O'Dwyer Won't Leave

ALLEN RAYMOND

WHEN I last saw the Honorable William O'Dwyer a few weeks ago, the ex-Mayor of New York and one of the most popular ambassadors the United States has ever sent to any country was living in a cheerless and unprosperous-looking flat in Mexico City, one of the most exuberant capitals in the world.

Sixty-two years old, his long public career unmistakably at an end, O'Dwyer seemed tired, morose, lonely, and embittered. He didn't want to go home to New York. He said he didn't know exactly what he was going to do in Mexico. His young wife had left him the minute his ambassadorship was over, and in the gossip columns of the newspapers her name was being linked with that of a younger and wealthier man.

O'Dwyer seemed confident that he had a good many friends in Mexico. He was equally sure that he had a great many powerful enemies in the United States. He was doubtful whether the newspapers and the public back home would give a fair hearing to the story of his public services as prosecutor of Murder, Inc., and as Mayor of New York. He presented the picture of a man who was down on his luck and pretty bewildered.

AS I EMERGED from O'Dwyer's temporary refuge, shiny new American taxicabs were speeding well-heeled American tourists to the big new bull ring, to museums and churches, and to the glistening hotels, bars, and restaurants of a metropolis the population of which has grown in the last ten years from two million to more than three million.

In the shadows of glass-and-steel skyscrapers barefoot Indians were selling lottery tickets, guitar players were strumming to any who would listen, and more money was being made by more people in less time than in all the centuries since Cortez and his little band of conquistadores had first vanquished those aborigines whose descendants still do most of the work in the great Mexican Republic, at less than a dollar a day.

The capital of Mexico has been a boom town for a decade, of which the last three years, the second half of the Presidential term of Miguel Alemán, have been the most spectacular. Monuments to the régime of Alemán, who started his career as a poor lawyer for miners afflicted with silicosis and wound up as one of the richest men in North America, are far more grandiose than those left by Mussolini in Rome. A day's quick ride around the capital reveals a panorama of these wonders. The bull ring, its portals surmounted by magnificent statuary, is the biggest in the world—bigger than Franco's in Madrid. On a fifteen-hundred-acre campus which up to 1950 was a bed of waste lava stands the $20-million university city, with its 1,093-foot-long Humanities Building, its jai alai courts shaped like Aztec pyramids, its fourteen-story Administration Building, its Nuclear Physics Building shaped like half a barrel set up on ten-foot stilts. The vast murals and mosaics now being lavished in rich and vivid colors on big and windowless outdoor walls add a barbaric splendor harking back to the Aztecs. Not far away stands a new stadium seating 102,000 people, also said to be the world's largest—all ready for the 1956 Olympics.

Latest Homes for the Latest Rich

To the South lies the city's very latest residential development, the Pedrigal—also built on an old lava bed, under the direction of Luis Barragán, Mexico's boy-wonder architect, and Carlos Contreras, city planner. If this development has a theme, that theme is modernity. Each of its homes, which would cost $60,000 to $120,000 in the United States, is set on at least an acre of ground and surrounded by dark, high walls covered with bougainvillaea. Here marvels of tile, glass, cement, water, and shrubbery are being fitted together artfully for the capital's swankiest international residents. The origins of the Pedrigal, which is planned for a twenty-square-mile area looking out over a brown plateau toward two snow-capped volcanoes, can also be traced directly to Alemán's régime and to his party, the Partido Revolucionario Institucional.

It is rising as witness to the fact that a whole new upper middle class of merchants and manufacturers, as well as a native plutocracy, has been created within the Mexican Republic within the last twelve years. In Mexico City it is reported that six hundred brand-new millionaires—or a hundred per year—were created

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during the six-year Presidency of Señor Alemán, chief of the party that came to power a generation ago to give the peons land and liberty.

Among its more useful monuments, Alemán's régime began more than a dozen hydroelectric and irrigation developments, scattered through the republic from the Rio Grande to the Guatemala border; from Lower California, where Alemán is a big investor, to Veracruz, where his father, who was a guerrilla general, used to live, and where Miguel Alemán also is a big investor. Building for himself as well as the country, Alemán today has a cut in the country's motion-picture industry, a major share in its airlines, and large holdings in resort hotels and Mexico City's downtown real estate. His ranches are scattered throughout the country.

And up to November, when William O'Dwyer quit as Ambassador from the United States, he and President Alemán were commonly considered in the Mexican capital to have struck up a friendship rivaling that of Damon and Pythias. Today people are not so sure.

Good Will and Good Contacts

There is no doubt that O'Dwyer, while Ambassador to Mexico, played his cards ably, both for his country and himself. At the height of his diplomatic career he was said to be the most popular American in Mexico since the late Dwight W. Morrow.

Although O'Dwyer made but five official visits to President Alemán's office, he made more than twenty personal ones to the President's various homes, often outside the capital, on such holidays as Alemán's personal saint's day, New Year's Day, and Christmas. O'Dwyer also visited eleven out of Mexico's twenty-nine state governors. Instead of catering to the American colony, he packed the Embassy parties with influential Mexicans, many of whom had never been invited to the American Embassy before. His ability to speak Spanish and the fact that he is a devout Roman Catholic endeared him particularly to Mexicans.

He is credited with positive accomplishments in the renewal of a ticklish farm-labor agreement, an agreement on visas, and the establishment of a Point Four program whereby numerous American technicians are now rendering valuable service to the Mexican government. He settled Mexico's Lend-Lease account, and obtained as part payment a long rental on twelve stories of a seventeen-story downtown office building, into which he gathered Embassy offices which had been scattered all over the city.

THE YOUNG wife who has now left him also worked hard to mix American and Mexican society as never before and to get the expatriate American colony really interested in Mexican welfare work. She raised about eleven thousand dollars for the Xalapa Symphony Orchestra, one of Señora Alemán's pet hobbies. All in all, for the job of fostering Mexican-American friendship—an especially difficult one because of bitter memories on both sides—Mr. and Mrs. O'Dwyer were a fine team while they lasted.

And so close at one time was the relationship between Mexico's President and the United States Ambassador that Alemán sent his personal airplane to New York to bring O'Dwyer back to his post when the ex-Mayor was being annoyed in April, 1951, by the Kefauver Committee with the charge that as Mayor he had taken ten thousand dollars in cash from the head of the New York Uniformed Firemen's Association. (The fuss over such a trivial sum must have seemed rather ridiculous to the President of the Mexican Republic.) And for any man who is really close to ex-President Alemán, there is a sizable income and a possible fortune to be made in Mexico in the next few years, even though those years do not promise to be as lush as the past three.

Vanishing Boom

The best authority on what has been happening to the economy of Mexico is a confidential report made by a group of Mexican and American economists late in 1952, to the Nacional Financiera of Mexico, an institution very much like the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in the United States. This report has never been made public, possibly because it predicts that the pace of industrial and commercial progress in Mexico will not be as swift in the next ten years as it has been in the last ten.

It reports that the country has now come to the place where long-term foreign credits are desperately needed if the gains of the last ten years are to be maintained and consolidated, if ambitious but half-finished projects are to be completed, and if the country's pathetic railroad and electricity networks are to be improved enough to handle even the present levels of production and trade.

This unpublished report (which I have seen and studied) is essential reading for anyone who wants to know why the régime of Miguel Alemán, so conspicuous for vast public expenditures on vast public projects, accompanied by graft and corruption of gigantic proportions and wholesale debasement of the currency, has been succeeded by the régime of Adolfo Ruiz Cortines, a man of the same party who has dedicated himself to a stern abolition of corruption in government and the maintenance of the peso at its present relationship to the dollar.

According to the report, Mexico's

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real national income has more than doubled in the years since the Second World War began. The doubling of the national income was due principally to government-fostered expansion of the country's industry to enable it to produce at home what it had formerly obtained abroad.

During these years the real investment in Mexico's industry, commerce, and productive public works has more than tripled. Ninety-six per cent of this investment has been Mexican, and only four per cent has been foreign. More than half of the Mexican investment has been governmental rather than private.

Aside from its vast public-works program, the government has fostered industrialization of the country by loans through its Nacional Financiera and by direct subsidies to selected industries. It has also granted tax exemptions to new industries for five or ten years after their foundation, and has set up a protective tariff system which has shielded inefficient local producers. Meanwhile, because of Mexico's one-party political system, its venal press, and the total lack of an effective political opposition, a few insiders have lapped up all the gravy from the country's expanding commerce.

THEREFORE, in their 1952 report to the Nacional Financiera, the American and Mexican economists were constrained to point out: "The share of industrial and commercial profits in the national income from 1939 to 1949 rose from twenty-six to forty-one per cent, and the share allotted to wages and salaries fell from thirty-one to twenty-four per cent. Only a very small part of the population enjoyed any part of the increase in consumption of goods.

"Though few in numbers," the economists went on, "the high income classes account for a large part of the demands for consumer goods. The only improvement in the standard of living for the masses has been by moving from old agricultural lands to new ones, or from farms into industry and commerce." The principal obstacle to Mexico's further development, the economists say, lies in the low buying power of most of its people, "since only the rich in the land are able to buy much." The country's high-tariff policy, they claim, is protecting inefficient producers, while tax exemption for new industries is not of much help because Mexican taxes are very low anyway.

As for the development of the local market, the economists point out, those educational and social services which would help to build it up have been regularly starved by the Mexican government, while pay in the civil service has tended to approximate the low pay of workers generally. This gloomy document winds up with these words:

"It will be hard to maintain in the next ten years the rate of growth of the last ten. Yield from investments will probably fall. The railroad situation is really serious. The shortage of electric power is also grave. Mexico City faces serious trouble with its water and sewage problems, and the conservation of natural resources will require great investments. The nation is greatly in need of long term credits from abroad."

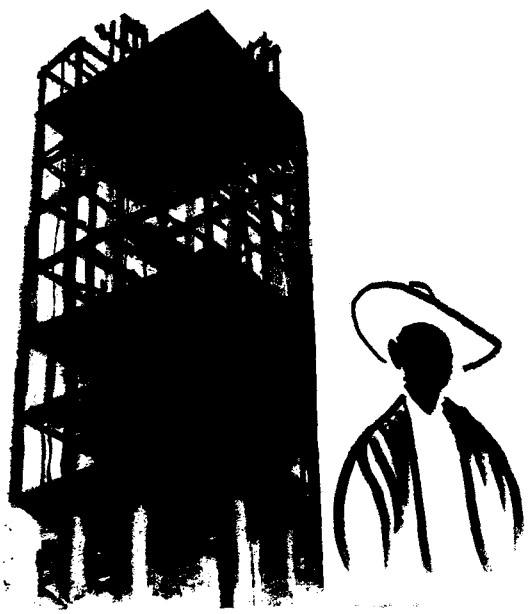
The Rich Get Richer

The inflation to which Mexico has been subjected in the past twelve years contributes to the dreary lot of the majority of Mexicans. In 1940, the peso was worth 3.65 to the dollar. It is now worth 8.6 to the dollar, and there are ample treasury reserves to keep it that way if the spending orgy of paper pesos that has characterized the Mexican government's operations over the last twelve years is stopped. The legal minimum wage for industrial workers in Mexico City is 6.7 pesos per day, or eighty cents.

Of course many skilled industrial workers exceed these wages, but domestic labor is so cheap that Americans with an income of $6,000 to $7,500 a year keep three or four servants. And the cost-of-living index for a Mexican worker has more than quadrupled during the years the nation's income has been doubling.

Mexico's poor grow poorer and Mexico's birth rate progresses alarmingly, while its death rate declines. There were less than sixteen million Mexicans when the revolution began. There are now twenty-five million and by the end of this century there are apt to be fifty million. Neither Mexico's income nor the development of its resources is keeping pace with its population. Soil erosion continues. Forests have been cut away. State management of oil resources has proved a failure. And the state is now deep in the management of all sorts of enterprises ranging from brewing beer to making motion pictures. The government runs the labor unions and the government runs the farm co-operatives. Under its management wages are low and the farmers in debt. But the governors continue to get richer.

MEXICO is in trouble. Despite the surface brilliance of its magnificent and growing capital, the country as a whole needs credit from beyond its borders badly, and its new



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ruling class of manufacturers, financiers, and merchants know it—at least in the upper echelons. The country can no longer afford the type of politico-businessman who will buy an airline for twelve million pesos and then sell one of its airfields to the Federal government for fifteen million.

Even ex-President Alemán has realized the necessity for a fairer shake all around, and hence the election of Ruiz Cortines as President of the Republic. The old gang has made its pile, and it is most emphatically "time for a change," simply because Mexico, if it is to attract the foreign capital it must have, can no longer afford the *mordida*, or "bite," which government officials of every rank have been taking.

'Old Skullface'

In Ruiz Cortines, Mexico has a President the like of whom the country has rarely seen. "Old Skullface," as he is called, is renowned through the land as an honest civil servant, who has been content to live on his $16,000 salary, to drive a Chevrolet instead of a Cadillac, and to devote all his energies to the public welfare.

"I was poor as a boy and still am poor," he said with some pride just before his inauguration. In his inaugural address last December 1, he startled everyone by declaring that corruption in Mexican government must be ended, and to confound the skeptics he started his Administration by throwing several hundred petty grafters into jail. Then he cleaned up the Federal penitentiary, which was a sinkhole of graft.

One of his first acts was to announce that all government employees soon will have to file a statement of all their wealth, and then hold themselves ready for examination if their scale of living and known properties exceed amounts their salaries might justify.

Inside of a month Ruiz Cortines was interfering with the operations of grafters so high up in the old Alemán Administration that rumblings of revolt were heard around the capital. For lack of an effective political Opposition in Mexico, revolution would be about the only recourse of those against whom the President is wielding the powers of his office—which by the Constitution of 1917 are far more sweeping than Mr. Eisenhower's. Alemán had good reason for dismay, even though he had himself selected this crusading reformer as his successor. But on January 12, the ex-President decided to bestow his personal blessing on the new Administration. At a big luncheon given for him in Veracruz, to which were invited several members of his successor's Cabinet, he said it was time for men of his own régime to rest on their laurels and to give new men with new ideas a real chance to govern.

Veteran political observers in Mexico City tell me that if President Ruiz Cortines can hold fast to his new idea of a graftless Mexico for the next two years without getting shot, the country will be in a far better position to attract long-term capital investment from the United States than ever before in its history. American private investments in Mexico are less than $400 million today, although another $352 million in U.S. government loans has been authorized since the end of the war. Today four-fifths of Mexico's imports come from the United States, as compared to three-fifths before the Second World War, and eighty-five per cent of the value of Mexico's exports is derived from sales north of the Rio Grande.

JUST WHERE does ex-Mayor and ex-Ambassador O'Dwyer fit into this picture of reform and the attraction of American capital, public and private? O'Dwyer has never been distinguished for participation in either business enterprises or reform movements.

The answer is that in his new career O'Dwyer will fit into business to the degree that his friendship or his services are valued by Miguel Alemán and a few people close to him.

Newspaper reporters, following the unfolding drama of O'Dwyer's life in Mexico City, are not at all certain that the friendship between the ex-President and the ex-Ambassador will be so close now that both are ex-es. They point out that Señor Alemán failed to obtain for O'Dwyer the working papers necessary for the latter to set himself up in business in Mexico City, though they could have been obtained by a mere Presidential nod before Ruiz Cortines took office.

When I left Mexico recently, O'Dwyer was going through the normal routine of getting those papers so he could go to work at whatever venture he has set his heart upon. Apparently he has obtained them now. He has announced that he is once again in business—not as a politician, a calling at which he shone, but as the partner of a Mexican lawyer in an alien land.

It is always hard luck for a man not to want to go home. And for an ex-Mayor of New York not to want to go back to New York is hard luck indeed.

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The American Professor And the Soviet Cookie Pusher

DANIEL AARON

BEFORE I met Fedor Alexeievitch Garanin, First Secretary of the Soviet legation in Helsinki, all the information I had been able to pick up about Russia and the Russians was secondhand. The Helsinki hotel where I lived for six weeks before finding permanent quarters in the University Botanical Garden was popular with couriers, military attachés, and State Department people just back from the mysterious East; and from these transients I gathered interesting if not vital information about the price of butter and eggs, the difficulty of finding language teachers even at the going rate of seven dollars an hour, the multiplicity of spies, and the dearth of good-looking women on the Moscow streets.

Later on at the Unversity of Helsinki, where I was lecturing on American literature and civilization, I met Finns who had been in Russia before, during, and after the war, and new details were added to my meager and miscellaneous store of facts.

Being so close to the mysterious land increased my curiosity, and I decided that I should at least try to get a visa to visit Moscow. I felt that I owed myself the visit after my daily struggles with Russian verbs and my laborious translations of Soviet polemics against American cannibals, butchers, pigs, maniacs, and arsonists.

THE Soviet consulate, where I went to fill out my application, is a small and untotalitarian-looking building less than a hundred yards away from the American legation. A surly-looking boy opened the front door in response to my ring. After I had asked him in halting Russian how one went about getting a visa, he ushered me into a bare room, graced only by plaster busts of Lenin and Stalin, and told me to wait. The official who arrived a few minutes later to question me and to provide me with the complicated visa application listened sympathetically to what I had to say. I noted the tired and rather cynical smile he gave me as we shook hands and exchanged cigarettes, but I still cherished a hope that my visa would not be delayed.

My friends in Helsinki assured me that for all my love of Pushkin and my delight in the Russian ballet and my yearning to visit the Hermitage (I had expatiated on these themes as eloquently as I could to the Russian consul), I would never get a visa.

They were right, of course, but my meeting with Garanin resulted indirectly from my failure to obtain the visa. A friend of mine, as part of his diplomatic duties, had invited Garanin for dinner, and knowing my visa problem had considerately invited me too. It is not the usual practice for Russians to go anywhere by themselves, especially to the home of an American official, but Garanin was apparently so important that he did not require supervision. He appeared for dinner without his wife—she was ill that evening—and I had my first opportunity to see and talk with a Soviet citizen.

A *Collier's* Fan

He struck me at first as a quiet and self-possessed man of scholarly bent. He wore a conservative gray suit, and his manners were pleasant. Upon closer acquaintance, I discovered that he was not polite at all, that he had no intellectural interests to speak of, and that the only reading he did was limited to short stories, since he hadn't the patience to plow through long novels—a serious disadvantage in a country where any literary work less monumental than a trilogy is somehow contemptible. What he really liked was fishing. But none of these revelations

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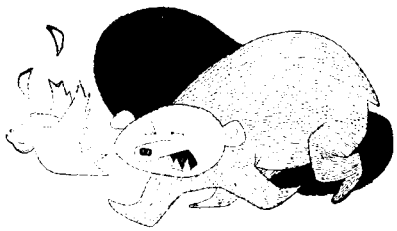

emerged until I had known Garanin more than a month, and only then after several hours of drinking.

At that first meeting, I got some inkling of his tastes and interests when my host and I were doing everything we could to be merely sociable, or at any rate to avoid controversial subjects. As one university man to another (he had attended what he called a pedagogical school at Moscow University), I asked him questions about Soviet literature. He seemed politically orthodox in his preferences, disliking Pasternak and Akhmatova and naming Simonov, Ehrenburg, and Nikitin as far superior. Nikitin interested me especially since I had just been reading one of his novels, a tale of the Allied occupation of Prinkipo after the First World War, in a Soviet literary journal. In the episode I had just finished reading, Churchill was described as a squat, toadlike monster, chuckling so horribly over his plans to kindle another conflagration that he revolted even a hardened and brutal American. It was this same Nikitin who, on meeting an acquaintance of mine some years before in Paris, had asked him not to speak openly of their youthful friendship in Kiev in the presence of Mrs. Nikitin, since they had only been married for three years and he wasn't sure of her yet.

GARANIN had very little to say about Nikitin, but during the first round of drinks, at a moment I had my mouth stuffed with peanuts, he asked our host (who had taken great pains to conceal any periodicals or books that might seem even remotely controversial) if he had a copy of the notorious *Collier's* issue, "Preview of the War We Do Not Want." This particular number of *Collier's* had disappeared quickly from the Helsinki magazine stalls, but it was hardly possible that First Secretary of the Soviet legation had not seen it. The Communist newspapers in Helsinki had devoted front-page stories to the affair, replete with pictures. But our host was a courteous man, and he obligingly pulled out the magazine from underneath a pile of newspapers stuffed into a cupboard, and for some time Garanin perused it thoughtfully, shaking his head and clucking his tongue. Finally he closed the magazine and looked up with a pained expression on his face. "This is what your State Department really believes and wants," he said mournfully. Our assurances that he was mistaken had no effect. He smiled sadly at us, and then stood up to propose a toast: "Down with warmongers everywhere!"

The rest of the evening was an anticlimax. He told us about the food he had particularly enjoyed during his two-year tour of duty in Washington, and I mentioned my hopes of visiting the Soviet Union, but he did not see fit to reply and so I dropped the matter. At about ten o'clock he excused himself on the ground that he must return to his wife. He promised us tickets to the next performance of a traveling Soviet troupe of entertainers and said that he looked forward to welcoming us during the intermission.

Several weeks later we received the complimentary tickets, and I arrived in the large trade-union hall off Unioninkatu during the first number of what turned out to be a long variety show. A muscular woman pianist was playing Grieg or Liszt with tremendous energy, and she and the dancers, singers, conjurers, instrumentalists, and acrobats who followed were noisily received by an audience that seemed to approve of the show at least as much for ideological reasons as for artistic ones. I liked a thin, melancholy-looking sleight-of-hand artist, as quiet and subtle as the others were loud, but I told Garanin during the intermission that I liked the whole show. As I was returning to my seat after the intermission, he pulled my sleeve and asked me whether I would care to dine with him on the following Thursday. I accepted eagerly.

Literature and Life

Having carefully phrased the dozen crucial questions I intended to ask him, I was chagrined when he called me on Wednesday and begged off, but he seemed genuinely apologetic and told me that only a special request from the Soviet Minister prevented him from keeping the appointment. We set another date, for lunch this time, and he showed up for our appointment at the Royal Restaurant promptly at one o'clock. Our lunch lasted until quarter to five.

The Royal Restaurant adjoins the Swedish Theatre, where I had recently attended an excellent performance of Gogol's *Revizor* and where a year before atomic physicist Bruno Pontecorvo had last been seen before he disappeared. Garanin piloted me through the large restaurant to a table for two on the side and then contemplated me as if I were an unfamiliar hors d'œuvre. He seemed less nervous than he had been on the first occasion and scarcely waited for the martinis before he began to speak about matters that could not be considered small talk. What did I think of our mutual friend? Would I like to know what he thought? Then abruptly: What questions would the State Department ask me if they learned of our meeting? He smiled indulgently when I said that as a private citizen, I wasn't obliged

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to make reports to anyone. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "Let's simply tell our people that we discussed literature." Before I could reply he asked me in a matter-of-fact voice, "By the way, who is the head of the FBI in Finland?" I told him that I hadn't the slightest idea, which was true, but I felt self-conscious nevertheless.

Perhaps he sensed my embarrassment, for he switched the subject from espionage to literature. What did I think of Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* (a book he professed to admire), and what was Dreiser's intention in writing it? I gave him what I thought was a good explanation and concluded my remarks with the observation that no serious writer today could blind himself to the tragedy of modern life. Garanin shook his head and said slowly and firmly, "There is no tragedy in the Soviet Union."

Becoming animated myself, I outlined a hypothetical Russian novel containing what I considered to be a tragic situation. I proposed as the hero of my "Soviet Tragedy" a young and talented administrator who had risen quickly to a high post and now found himself saddled with a ticklish assignment: the management of a factory producing some critical machines, say jet engines. "Supposing this man," I said, "in order to meet his quotas and make a success, compromises his associates, delays important decisions, and shifts the blame for his own failures onto his underlings. Isn't this a tragic situation?"

He Never Had It So Good

Garanin agreed that such things could and did happen in the Soviet Union and that Soviet writers had dealt with this and similar themes. But the difference between the American and the Soviet tragedy lay in the ways our respective societies handled the delinquents. In the Soviet Union, my factory manager would be rehabilitated and transformed once more into an effective servant of the state.

Moreover (to paraphrase Garanin), despite the occasional lapses of some Soviet citizens and the unhappiness of a few, the fortunes of the average man improved steadily. Individuals might suffer, but that was unimportant in the presence of so much collective happiness.

So far as he himself was concerned, the future was limitlessly rosy. The son of illiterate parents, he had been educated by the state and owed everything to his society. He had an important and interesting job, from which he was entitled to retire at fifty-two if he desired (of course he would not), and he could

look forward to a pension of approximately eighty per cent of his present salary when his days of usefulness were over. Every year the state gave him a month's vacation at a sanatorium where he lived, ate, drank, and played as a guest of the government. He had a three-room apartment in Moscow and a *dacha* at his disposal for the summer months. Most important of all, he lived in a society where progress was inevitable. In his country, he could look forward to an uninterrupted course of full employment, price cuts, and an economy of peace. The western countries, with equal certainty, faced the prospect of further inflation, unemployment, general instability, and all the privations of a war economy.

It was during and after the vodka, which I gulped down with much less confidence than my host, that Garanin began to make clear he had in mind something more than setting me right about the Soviet Union, that he was, in fact, trying to recruit me. He adopted a doleful tone to comment on my own dismal future and on the necessity of my choosing the right side before it was too late. Having heard from my own lips that I wasn't a capitalist and having wrung from me the damaging admission that America was still capable of improvement, he proceeded to tell me some of the facts about myself that he had obviously discovered in my visa application. I was approaching forty, a dangerous age when a person's convictions were beginning to harden. And what was my political philosophy? A seeker? This was no time to be a seeker. I had my future to think about, and everyone knew how badly schoolteachers in America are paid.

Conceding that he had a point there, I mentioned that even so I didn't feel ground down and that while my college salary could not be described as princely, I did own an automobile and live in a house. "Either you are very naïve and ignorant," he said to me, "or you know where the truth lies but you choose for opportunistic reasons the side that you think is the safest. I think it is the second reason." My decision was understandable, he added, but I would find out my mistake when it was too late.

As we shifted from vodka, by way of red wine, to cognac, I felt our conversation becoming more candid as it grew less coherent. "You're holding back!" he exclaimed. "You're not being as sincere as I am." It was now quite clear that this amiable agent placed more faith in the powers of alcohol than in his own judiciousness and tact. Probably under the assumption that I was now thoroughly anaesthetized, he probed clumsily for soft spots.

First had been the direct question, without fencing, about the FBI in Finland. Then the invitation to jump on the Communist band wagon and save my own skin while there was still time, and finally a series of maundering appeals to my humanitarian and liberal sympathies.

For lack of anything better to say, I asked him what he thought of the Finns. "I never meet any," he growled. "What do *you* think of them?" I gave him my impressions of the Finnish character and said among other things that the Finns were intense individualists. "Like the people in all of the western capitalist countries," he said. "Tell me, whom do you think they like better, you or us?" I said "us" immediately, and he didn't disagree.

I had not so far raised the question of my visa problem, and so while we were still on the subject of national preferences I asked him

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if he thought closer contact between Russia and the outside world would improve the prospects for peace. I myself would welcome the chance to live with a Russian family for a year and see what life was really like in the Soviet Union. Garanin shook his head. "Russia is no place for experiences. We want people to come to us who believe what we believe."

He seemed to imply that he still held out some hope for me. Of course, there were a few honest people in the West, he conceded graciously, such as Howard Fast, who hated bacteriological warfare and fought for peace. When I told him that I didn't believe the germ-warfare stories, he became very serious and looked at me reprovingly. "We have all of the evidence," he said. "You would believe it if you saw it."

As the diplomat tossed down his last glass of cognac (he tossed down everything he drank in one gulp, even martinis), he chided me again for not being more direct and honest with him. He was being perfectly honest with me. Did I realize, for example, that the masses of American workers hate their own leaders? "We know," he said mysteriously; "we've talked to delegations of American workers who have visited the Soviet Union." When he defended his country's "corrective" camps for the reform of wrongdoers who had committed crimes against the state, or when he sympathized with the common people in capitalistic countries "toiling wretchedly for those who exploited them," he spoke with sincerity and dignity. My attempts to counter his opinions made no visible impression on him.

Man of the Future?

The lunch obviously ended any hopes I might have had of getting a visa to visit the Soviet Union, but as I left the First Secretary standing indecisively at a busy intersection, I felt that I had at least caught a glimpse of the new Soviet Man, even though I had not seen him in his native habitat.

I had met his type already in the novels of Arthur Koestler and Victor Serge, but somehow Garanin, the honest and dedicated diplomatic functionary, unscathed by doubt and impervious to suggestion, made the type convincingly human to me. Given a different set of conditions, a different foreign policy to implement, and he would get along splendidly with most Americans. On the surface, there was nothing sinister or menacing about this short, stocky, slightly walleyed man, with his yellow teeth, his friendly, open face, and his bad jokes. A Westerner might wonder how such an unimaginative and even boorish man could attain an important rank in the diplomatic service, but all his limitations might actually be considered virtues in a representative of the Soviet Union, especially in one who dines with foreigners.

Garanin said that he hoped we would meet again, but I knew he wouldn't telephone as he promised to do. He had no interest in reformers, liberals, left-wing deviationists, or "cosmopolitans." The bill for our lunch came to more than five thousand marks, about fifteen dollars. We hadn't eaten much but we had drunk a good deal. I discovered to my great satisfaction that I could walk home through Kaisaniemi Park without staggering.

Trade, Aid, and the Shades Of Smoot and Hawley

HELEN HILL MILLER

On the afternoon of February 11, the President of the United States met with the Secretaries or Under Secretaries of the Departments of State, Treasury, Labor, Agriculture, and Commerce, the Director of Mutual Security, the Republican Majority Leader of the Senate, and the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee and the House Ways and Means Committee. They discussed briar pipes.

Domestic producers of briar pipes, whose business amounts to some quarter of a million dollars a year, had complained that briar pipes of foreign origin were threatening their market; the Tariff Commission had made an investigation and found substance in this complaint. The meeting at the White House was called to decide whether the President should utilize the escape-clause procedure outlined in the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act to protect American briar-pipe producers from this competition. As this is written, the matter is still under advisement.

American importers of foreign products should bear the conversation in mind. Visiting diplomats concerned with economic and financial matters should put it in their pipes and smoke it. Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, in particular, should not forget it when he recalls how loudly he was applauded on both sides of the Atlantic for his declaration, "We want trade, not aid."

"Trade, not aid" sounds so harmonious, so simple. Too bad it's against the law.

Trade—or at least that part of it which comes into the United States as imports and earns the dollars to pay for the exports which otherwise

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have to be covered by giveaway programs—is governed by a book which runs to 384 pages (without the index) and ends with "Sec. 654. SHORT TITLE. This Act may be cited as the 'Tariff Act of 1930.'" It can also be called "The Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act, as Amended."

OPEN the book at random. Pause, for instance, at page 8, Paragraph 27 (a) (1) (5), and read about "Acetanilide not suitable for medicinal use." Acetanilide is followed by eighty-two other items, running down the alphabet to xylidine, and the information that any imports of these products coming in at the full rate will pay seven cents per pound and forty per cent ad valorem; the reduced rate is three and one-half cents per pound and twenty-five per cent ad valorem.

But you're not through yet. Read on to Sec. 27 (a) (5): "All the foregoing products are provided for in this paragraph only if they are not colors, color acids, color bases, color lakes, dyes, explosives, indoxyl, indoxyl compounds, ink powders, leuco-compounds, medicinals, photographic chemicals, stains, synthetic aromatic or odoriferous chemicals, synthetic resinlike products, or synthetic tanning materials and nspf [that's not a typographical error; it means 'Not Specifically Provided For'] in paragraph 28 or 1651."

Then don't miss Paragraph 27 (c), where you learn, "The ad valorem rates provided in this paragraph shall be based upon the American selling price (as defined in subdivision (g) of Section 402, Title IV) of any similar competitive article manufactured or produced in the United States. If there is no similar competitive article manufactured or produced in the United States, then the ad valorem rate shall be based upon the United States value, as defined in subdivision (e) of Section 402, Title IV."

Are you still there? Trade, not aid, did somebody say? Doesn't a man need aid if he's going to trade under Paragraph 27? Would you like to classify and value goods coming in under Paragraph 27? If you would, there are at present more than three quarters of a million customs entries sitting there awaiting your attention.

Or perhaps you'd rather be a judge in the Customs Court and decide the contested cases. Then you could get started on the backlog of more than eighty thousand undecided classification cases and the almost equal number of contested valuations.

If you decide on the judgeship, you'd better brush up on your Gilbert and Sullivan. "Animate" spring-wound toys have a tariff of twenty-

five per cent, while fifty per cent must be paid on inanimate toys. At a recent Customs Court trial the government's attorney held that a toy motorcycle policeman was inanimate, since the spring made the wheels go round rather than the policeman, and therefore the shipper should pay a duty of fifty per cent. The lawyer for the American purchaser claimed that the officer was identified by the cycle and hence animate, and raised the point as to whether a toy judge on a bench would be an animate judge or an inanimate bench.

Remember, this is the law. Some importers may be devious, some customs men may be cantankerous, and some judges may be exactly what one thinks they are when one is in danger of contempt of court. But by and large, all of them are poor devils in the toils of the law. Until the law is changed, about all any of them can do is to slog ahead unwinding red tape, losing time, money, and temper, and smiling cynically when someone begins to talk about "trade, not aid."

The Law's Delays

Any foreign producer who plans to get into the American import trade under the tariff law as it now stands is setting out on a long journey. Before his departure, he would do well to stop at a customs-house newsstand and pick up a few of the horror stories available there, with titles pertinent to his purposes:

THE CASE OF THE MISSING MARK. This is about a man who makes surgical needles. At first it looks as if he can send his needles in under Paragraph 359, that is, if he thinks he can find a market for them after paying a duty of forty per cent of their value. But at the very end of the paragraph it says: "all articles specified in this paragraph, when imported, shall have the name of the maker or purchaser and beneath the same the name of the country of origin die sunk conspicuously and indelibly on the outside . . ." Even supposing the manufacturer were a lineal descendant of a man who had written the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin, and succeeded in getting his name and address diesunk into the needle, what would happen when such a needle was sunk into a patient?

THE CASE OF THE FISHERMAN'S SWIVEL. This is a success story. Time was, when the little brass swivels that make many a fish story hold water were imported from England and Germany, with the country of origin displayed on the box they were shipped in. Then Japan got into the act, and American competitors stimulated the customs officials into applying the diesunk rule. Just try to diesink a name and address on a little brass swivel. So customs came up with a compromise: The swivels could come in if each swivel arrived with a little tag strung through its eye saying where it came from. An American importer decided that it would be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for him to make a profit after paying the cost of stringing those tags, and he told the customs people as much. At long last, the *status quo ante* was restored. Swivels can now come in again merely with their country of origin shown on the box.

THE CASE OF THE CHRISTMAS BOOTS. An American shoe manufacturer who has nearly a score of factories located in countries outside the United States, as well as thriving domestic production, worked out with his British associates a dollar-earning deal that was to be a model of trade, not aid. A year in advance,

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they developed a special stadium boot, deliberately not comparable with any product made in the United States. It had a British-type crepe-rubber sole not manufactured in this country. The upper part of the boot was leather, lined with shearling. The sock lining was made of a special kind of fluffy rayon. The following April, five thousand pairs were sold to U. S. dealers, with assurances that they would be delivered in October or early November, in ample time for the Christmas trade. But when the boots arrived, the customs officials gagged on Paragraph 1559: "the words 'component material of chief value,' wherever used in the Act, mean that component material which exceeds in value any other single component material of the article; and the value of each component material shall be determined by the ascertained value of such material in its condition as found in the article. If two or more rates of duty shall be applicable to any imported article, it shall be subject to duty at the highest of such rates."

Should the boots be dutiable on the basis of the crepe-rubber sole? the leather upper? the wool lining? or the rayon sock lining? By the time the harried officials had made up their minds, the calendar showed February, and Christmas was only a memory. The American manufacturer had lost some twelve thousand dollars on a fifty-thousand-dollar transaction. His associates over in Britain had lost some of their confidence in the possibilities of "trade, not aid."

THE CASE OF THE INVISIBLE BRAID. No man in a raincoat has the figure of a guardsman. Noting this, the makers of Burberrys inserted between the lining and the outer material a small length of elastic to draw their garments in across the small of the back. The customs man found it. Promptly, the Burberry ceased to be a raincoat, dutiable at ten per cent, and became liable to a forty-five per cent duty under Paragraph 1529 (a) governing "articles in part of braid."

THE CASE OF THE DISMEMBERED TUXEDO. One way around Paragraph 1529 (a) is to make two shipments. Men's evening clothes come into this country with the braid for the trousers trailing after. Alone, the braid is assessed at the rate of forty-five per cent ad valorem, and the suit at twenty-five per cent. If the braid were attached, it would hike the ad valorem duty on the whole thing to forty-five per cent.

Fringe is as tricky as braid: A rug without fringe is dutiable at forty per cent, one with fringe at forty-five per cent. Cheesecloth, which formerly entered at a rate suitable to its humble uses, was suddenly reclassified to carry forty-five per cent, on the ground that the spaces between the threads made it "wholly or in part fringe." One of the hazards of importing, incidentally, is that no statute of limitations applies to customs transactions—a reappraisal may take place five years after a transaction.

IF ANY foreign surrey manufacturers are ogling the Oklahoma trade, they should be warned not to ship them with the fringe on top. Fringe issues are hotly contested in the customs courts. The surrey men might, however, rely on the ruling made when Austin cars were first imported into this country. The upholstery on the inside door panels was outlined in braid. The importer dared the customs men to classify the car as an "article in part of braid"—and won out.

THE CASE OF THE RACING MOTORIST. This is another story with a happy ending. Last year, the British entry in the international speed trials on the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah came equipped with its own souped-up gasoline. Now gasoline usually pays an import excise tax of only a quarter of a cent a gallon. But there was alcohol in this gasoline. After chemical analysis, the customs men began thumbing through the book. The only paragraph that fitted an unpotable import with an alcoholic content of over fifty per cent was Paragraph 24, which would have called for a duty of eighty cents a pound plus twelve and a half per cent ad valorem—a rate that worked out at around six dollars a gallon. But in this case, international sporting instincts won out, and after a suitable amount of correspondence, the duty was waived. (A parallel instance occurred in Britain, when the Treasury, after popular protest, ceased to press its claims on the Norwegian ski team who were importing snow for their Hampstead Health exhibition. This winter, domestic production would have made such imports unnecessary.)

THE CASE OF THE NOVEL OBJECT. The present tariff law dates from 1930. (It's been in effect longer than any other such law in U.S. history.) Since 1930, times have changed: A number of new products have appeared, and classification of the unknown has proved even more tortuous than classification of the known. Radar, until the Customs Court pointed out the nonsense, was classified as a clock. Nylon fiber yarn pays the duty rate for wool if it is crimped or curled, the duty rate for silk if smooth. Speedometers, even though they were in wide usage before 1930, are not classified as essential parts of cars but as measuring devices. If they were considered parts of cars, the tariff would be twelve and a half per cent. As measuring devices, the charge on them is sixty-five per cent, plus a specific duty of $4.50 if the value is more than ten dollars. Try those figures on an eleven-dollar speedometer, and after you've paid the customs man, see if you have enough left to settle the cop's ticket.

THE CASE OF THE MIGHTY MITES. Small business, like Motherhood, is sacrosanct in this country, and the small businessman helps the Tariff Commission keep it so. Aside from the recent recommendation that the President use the escape-clause procedure for the relief of briar pipes, the Commission's attention has been directed over the past year or so to the competitive situation of such

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commodities as spring clothespins, garlic, wood screws, glacéd cherries, and the urine of pregnant mares.

BACK IN 1930, when nobody was buying much anyway, a law was passed that the government should "Buy American." Nowadays, the government's procurement bills are figured in billions, but the law is still on the statute books. As this Act is administered, a would-be foreign supplier has to quote a price twenty-five per cent lower than his American competitor before he can get an order. Put another way, "buying American," when a foreign manufacturer *can* supply a product cheaper, costs the American taxpayer more than it needs to, both in the immediate cost of the product and in the long-run need for foreign aid. For instance, the Army has been buying microscopes. On one bid for 1,300 of them, an Italian firm offered to supply instruments that met all specifications at a saving of eighty thousand dollars under the nearest domestic bid. The price differential was just under twenty-five per cent, and so the contract was split evenly between foreign and domestic bidders. The award of contracts to foreign suppliers of electrical equipment for power installations by the Interior Department and the Army Engineers has produced loud protests from domestic firms. On the Garrison Dam project in South Dakota, the saving, even after counting tariff and transportation costs, was $176,000.

Last year, a little paragraph slipped into the Department of Defense Appropriations Act, specifying that no part of the appropriation "shall be available for the procurement of any article of food, clothing, cotton or wool . . . not grown, reprocessed, reused or produced in the United States or its possessions . . ." Since this requirement applies to the purchase of supplies for troops stationed overseas as well as for those in U.S. camps, the additional cost which it imposes on the Defense budget includes overseas shipment as well as the initial difference in bids. On wool serge cloth used by the Army, the differential on bids under this stipulation was twenty-four cents a yard. For the Navy's wool melton cloth, it was seventeen cents a yard. Times how many yards a year?

Another puzzling legal commentary on "trade, not aid" is the provision in the Marshall Plan and Mutual Security Acts requiring that half of the goods bought from the United States with aid dollars be shipped in American bottoms. Obliging nations with merchant fleets of their own to pay American fleets

in American giveaway dollars is the sort of thing Alice in Wonderland would understand readily.

Another interesting case was the rider put on the Defense Production Act two years ago that made the exclusion of foreign cheese an integral feature of our national security program. Some of the countries whose shipments were suddenly and unilaterally excluded had expanded their production because of the strong urging of American Marshall Plan officials that they make an effort to get into the U.S. market and earn some dollars. They drew their own conclusions with no trouble at all.

If the potential importer turns from these horror stories with the decision not to tangle with the U.S. tariff, American exporters are going to be out of luck. During the postwar years our exporters have never had it so good. Dollars have financed their crops and their manufactures. All they had to do was produce; they didn't have to worry about markets. The difference between the outgo from the United States and the dollar earnings of the rest of the world during the postwar years has been around $34 billion. About $30 billion of this was financed by U.S. grants and loans, and another $4 billion came out of the reserves back of the currencies of other nations. The reserves are now down about as far as they can go, and Congress and the American public are enthusiastic about tapering off aid. Where does this leave the exporter?

Advice Is Free

During the next few months, at both the Congressional and the White House ends of Pennsylvania Avenue, much advice will be available on U.S. foreign-trade policy. Those old standbys, the American Tariff League and the National Foreign Trade Council, will continue their conflict, and they will be joined by such protectionist groups as the National Labor-Management Council on Foreign Trade Policy and by such free traders as the Detroit Board of Commerce, whose resolutions at the end of 1952 were further expanded in the recent speech of Henry Ford II, calling for an additional five to six billion dollars of imports annually. The one-industry towns, protectionist as well as export-minded, will make themselves heard; picturesque fishermen will be on hand to say that what's good for New Bedford is good for the nation; and the woolgrowers will again come out of the West.

Somewhere, and soon, a balance between these conflicting claims will have to be struck. Present exports cannot be maintained at anything like their current levels unless imports rise to some extent to meet them. Today's—or rather yesterday's—tariff is far removed from the context of U.S. world responsibilities, or for that matter even from the context of domestic responsibilities. Never, in the long years of its Topsy-like growth, has it been reviewed in the light of the over-all economic interests of the nation. But the pressure of events is bound to relegate deeper and deeper into the shade the doctrines of Reed Smoot and Willis Hawley, both of them dead these dozen years.

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St. Patrick's Day In Dublin

HONOR TRACY

ONCE upon a time I chanced to be dining in a hotel in a small English town on St. Patrick's Day. A long trestle table had been set up down the middle of the restaurant and round it sat a company of jovial, red-faced, perspiring men, some wearing green paper hats, all with the shamrock in their buttonholes. The solid part of the meal was over and the celebrants were settling piously down to the bottle and exercise of wit.

"Buckingham Palace? Is that a hotel or something?"

Howls of laughter greeted the quip. Emerald streamers darted hither and thither about the room, wavered and fell in one's plate. From a neighboring bar came the lusty strains of "The Boys of Wexford" intermingling with those yet further off of "The Wearing of the Green." Small parties of excited youths were ranging the streets outside, shouting and cheering. Now would come the sound of a sudden fierce altercation, now again the tinkle of falling broken glass.

I observed that the lips of someone at our table were moving.

"What did you say?" I screamed.

"I said," he bawled, "what on earth must St. Patrick's Day be like in Dublin?"

The Parade

Yes, to be sure. I remembered his reasonable inquiry as the day of Ireland's Saint came round again this year.

It began with a cold, wet, cheerless morning. The wind appeared to blow from all points of the compass at once, a trick of which Dublin winds have the secret. The sky was a gray feathery mass; the rain pattered down in little stinging freezing drops. From some of the public buildings dangled the gold, white, and green flag of the Republic, limp and forlorn. The shops were closed, the streets nearly empty, the people at Mass.

At some moment in the morning a pageant of Irish industry began gradually to assemble in St. Stephen's Green. Lorries advertising this and that Irish product or activity were slowly easing themselves into their places, causing disruption to the traffic.

Sometimes it was a little hard to grasp the idea behind the displays they mounted; for example, a Bord na Mona (Turf Board) lorry was transformed into a simple hencoop, protected by wire netting and decorated with flowers in which half a dozen hens ran peevishly up and down. Between these ruffled birds and the highly interesting and important work of the Board it was difficult to see a connection. Other lorries drew attention to the excellence of certain English goods, toothpaste and cigarettes and so on, the makers of which had opened factories in Ireland and which therefore at a pinch could be included. The truly native products of whiskey and stout were also represented, and these even drew a faint cheer from the lookers-on.

Later the newspapers would remark with satisfaction on the great progress made by Irish industry since the founding of the State.

THE Anti-Partition League had put its oar in, as was to be expected, and their *tableaux vivants* struck a welcome note of fantasy in the pro-

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saic turnout. One of these had an Orangeman in bowler hat and sash vainly trying to make his way across a barrier to a tall, handsome young man in green while a fat and truculent John Bull prevented him. Another showed Erin in stately green robes and gold crown plucking at the strings of a harp and mourning her six lost counties, which sat huddled together in front of her sniffling loudly and wiping their noses on the backs of their hands. The figure of Robert Emmet stood below a gallows fearlessly confronting a judge in scarlet robes; a placard quoted him to the effect that his epitaph was never to be written until Ireland took her place among the nations of the world and demanded: WHEN?

THE PUBLIC received these inflammatory gestures with calm, if not indifference. Even the children showed no concern for the plight of Robert Emmet but stared glumly in front of them as if their thoughts were elsewhere. Their English contemporaries, faced with a spectacle of the kind, would have given delighted cries of "Go on! String 'im up! Get on wiv it!" or other such signs of childish interest, but these little souls were speechless and impassive as Orientals. A man pushed by with several small girls dressed in blue coats and hats and white socks, with their pigtails tied up in bright red ribbon. On such a day the color scheme could hardly have been an accident, must surely have been intended as a demonstration, the work of some implacable die-hard, but nobody minded.

For that matter, who in Ireland does mind about such things? The Anti-Partition League is always ready with its peep shows, its leaflets and posters, its denunciatory references to "police states" and "occupied territories." Politicians without a single constructive idea in their noodles except for their own welfare can lash a crowd to fury by harping on the injustice of the Border. Americans of Irish descent are fond of raising an easy cheer in the same way and can always depend on space in the newspapers for it.

If you were to read some of these newspapers, indeed, you would think the disunity of Ireland was one of Washington's larger worries. Some lone crusader may announce his intention of recruiting and training a private army to invade and conquer the North. Foreigners are buttonholed in private conversation and Ireland's case, suitably distorted, is put to them with an intensity of emotion that carries them away; returning home, they gravely report that on this issue at least all shades of opinion are in agreement.

The National Pastime

There is, however, a gulf between public attitudes and private opinion in Ireland; it is the land of Double Think and Double Speak. Should anyone wish to test the truth of this, he need only sit back and quietly watch what is done, ignoring all that is said. It will gradually come to his notice that when all the breast beating and tub thumping are over, the sobs hushed and the tears dried, the Irish very coldly and shrewdly do whatever seems to them wise and convenient. They are as canny a race of men as ever walked the earth.

There is another side of this question which ought not to be forgotten. The Border is the last of Ireland's grievances, real and fancied. The mind takes fright at the thought of what will happen when it is gone. From that day on the national pastime of railing at England will have to be given up. A wit has suggested that, on the contrary, then will be the moment to begin work on the most grievous injustice of all—namely, that the sun rises just a little earlier there than here; and on the face of it the problem, being insoluble, seems wonderfully adapted to Irish needs. But too strong a protest against the arrangement might be condemned in certain quarters as contrary to faith and morals. It might be held, after deliberation in conclave, that responsibility for it did not entirely lie with the English. The quarters alluded to have not always been as sensitive to the propriety of nationalist claims as they apparently are today: They might once again

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come heavily down on the side of the established order.

For this reason and others the patriots should be in no hurry to sweep the partition away. There is no urgent need in their souls for the practical benefits of such a move to compare with the urgent need of feeling themselves wronged and of burning John Bull in effigy. They are constantly telling us how ill adapted they are to this world, how one of their feet only is on the earth and the other in heaven, how alien, helpless, and strange they feel in this life, how eagerly they look forward to that beyond the grave. On the evidence it looks as if they might be mistaken, and in any case there is no guarantee whatever that people unable to adapt themselves to this world will not prove an intolerable nuisance in the next one too; in fact, we may reasonably assume that they will. But that is their story and they are holding to it, and it hardly squares with the frequent and impassioned demands for the "return" of the Belfast industries.

From their carryings-on it might be suspected that the patriots feel this themselves. If the division of Ireland is an injustice, as they say, the task before them is surely to do away with it without creating another. They must induce the people of the North to join them of their own free will. They must bring these hardheaded, hard-working, tax-paying, civic-minded creatures to believe that the gay anarchy of the South would suit them very much better. Nothing is impossible, but a program of this kind would seem to call for an immense and sustained effort. It is so much jollier to strike attitudes and so much more appropriate to the Celtic genius. And hence on every public occasion there are these elaborate charades, staged in the happy confidence that nothing will come of them.

THE PIPERS in their green-and-saffron kilts now set up a horrid wail, like the wail of a hundred massed banshees, and the procession jogged slowly off in the rain. It took just twenty minutes to pass a given point and it was the highlight of the day. Nothing remained but hurling and football matches in the afternoon and the Dog Show at Ballsbridge. Everything was closed out of respect for the Saint—shops, pubs, places of entertainment. People walked drearily through the wet streets with dull Sunday faces, longing for all to be over. My companion of that evening years ago in England would have found the contrast an instructive one. Could these limp Dubliners have been transferred by magic to Broadway, for example, they too would surely have capered and cut up and cracked skulls in the blithe old tradition. With all the Jews and Italians and Germans looking on they would have become exuberantly and aggressively Irish. There would then have been alien presences, even perhaps hostile ones, against which to react and before which to show off. But alas! What is the point of being Irish when everyone else is Irish too? . . .

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CHANNELS:

Comments on TV

MARYA MANNES

WHAT can you get out of the McCarthy investigations on TV that you can't get in the papers? The answer is: "Plenty." The telephoto lens, bringing each human element close to the eye, makes it an experience probably more intense and disturbing than actual presence in the committee room.

For in these hour-long glimpses of the Senate subcommittee investigating the Voice of America, the viewer is privy to a defective court—judge and prosecutor rolled into one, no defense counsel, and a parade of witnesses whose mere presence may strip them of their jobs and their reputations. It is indecent enough to expose the convicted before the public eye. It is even more indecent that millions, by turning a switch, can see these unconvicted in their nakedness.

For it is transparently clear from the faces and voices of McCarthy and his counsel (Roy Cohn is a study in corrupt precocity) that the chairman, if not the rest of the committee, is out to "get" and not to learn. In hunting for Reds, the investigation appears to ignore or deliberately to obscure the basic issues: What is the goal and function of propaganda and is the Voice conducting it successfully?

Instead, any hint—however tenuous—of Communist sympathy is greeted with a sort of savage triumph; any testimony that hesitates to condemn or involve is cause for irritation against the witness. A witness like Howard Fast, whose overt Communist attachments and sympathies understandably arouse the contempt and anger of patriotic men, can put McCarthy into a good humor by testifying that he once lunched at the White House with the Roosevelts. Having thus proved again to his satisfaction the infamy of previous Administrations, McCarthy obscures the reason for Fast's appearance, which was to testify whether certain of his books had been used for propaganda purposes and whether, in view of further testimony, it was a good or a bad idea to have used for broadcasting to "certain selected areas" passages from these books in which Fast was extolling the American past. This was at no time clarified. All that remained was the Senatorial anger at Fast's abuse of the Fifth Amendment and the impression, greatly magnified by the chairman, that the Voice was full of Reds.

Subsequent witnesses at the earlier TV sessions may not have inspired anger, but they hardly inspired confidence. There was a Mr. Fulling, who thought there was "softness toward Communism" in his South American section because someone changed the adjective "anti-communist" in a script to "democratic." There was a Mr. Caldwell, a nice-looking, very American type who likes birds. He had been in China and felt there was a strong current of antagonism in the State Department personnel toward General MacArthur and Chiang Kai-shek, and that anybody who criticized the Communists was not only viewed with disfavor but apt to lose his job. He named a Mr. Connors as typical of this attitude, and admitted freely that he did not get along with Connors at all. At the end of his testimony, McCarthy beamed at Mr. Caldwell and there was a Senatorial chuckle about the birds.

Mr. Connors, the next witness, made Mr. Caldwell's criticisms easy to understand. What was not easy to understand was how Mr. Connors had ever become "top policy planner for the U.S. Information Program." Heavy-faced, hard-eyed, he made a series of statements which seemed to betray an appalling ignorance of both administration and propaganda. Chewing gum the whole time (a contempt of court as blatant as his composure), Mr. Connors admitted on Senator McCarthy's questioning that he had never studied the Communist movement, had never read Marx, Engels, or Lenin, and relied for knowledge on his research staff, who "knew all these things." He admitted having signed a directive permitting "certain books" of Howard Fast to be used in certain selected areas, and had the brief spurt of courage (lionlike in this situation) to say in answer to McCarthy's questioning that he thought yes, it was all right to use them in very special circumstances. He thought people with Communist sympathies would be inclined to take the word of a pro-Communist more seriously, even if he praised America.

Subsequently his courage ebbed away and he said, on further questioning, that he agreed it was a bad idea to use any material at all written by controversial individuals. Anyway, there was a new directive out to that effect.

The Art of Wooing

Then there was a Miss Nancy Lenkeith, a piquant Ph.D. who spoke in the precise, slightly exotic accent that is usually the product of multilingualism. She believed that she had been fired from the Voice of America French desk because she had insisted on using Whittaker Chambers's book *Witness* on one of her book-review broadcasts in French. She quoted one of her ex-superiors, Mr. Auberjonois, as saying, "Chambers is a psychopath. Don't touch it with a ten-foot pole." Another man said it was "tricky." All this pleased McCarthy very much. He was even more gratified when Miss Lenkeith said that her boss, a Mr. Mathews, believed in "collective groups" (a euphemism for free-love colonies), and had suggested that she join one. One could almost hear the chairman tsk-tsk-ing.

These were mostly the disgruntled, these earlier witnesses—content, it seemed, to air their grievances against an organization which had not done them justice. Their testi-

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mony indeed made the Voice appear confused, maladministered, wasteful, politically unreliable if not dangerously warped.

Due to Senator Symington's insistence on the right of speedy rebuttal, they were followed quickly by those accused, and one could finally hear a voice of dignity and incisiveness like that of Reed Harris, Acting Director of the Voice, who—whatever crimes may subsequently be laid to him—spoke with that deep anger which the chairman's tactics must arouse in men of courage and justice.

Yet, up to the time of writing, there was no one to tell the committee not what McCarthy wanted to hear but what all should know: that propaganda is the art of wooing, and that you cannot woo anyone by telling them that you are always right and they are always wrong; and that any propaganda or intelligence agency worth its salt must include some who—by origin, contact, and, above all, empathy—are equipped to understand and appeal to the enemy mind.

But empathy—"the imaginative projection of one's own consciousness into another being"—is a quality conspicuously absent both in the Soviet and in men like McCarthy, who appear to believe that propaganda should be an exercise in self-congratulation performed by the pure in blood.

The viewing audience is given no such criteria and no such definitions. To them, these hearings, like any peep show, are a degrading experience—degrading to themselves, degrading to justice, degrading to government. Since they confuse instead of clarify and prejudice instead of inform, it is hard to see what service they perform for the American public or for good government.

Bill Mauldin Writes to Joe

I took my family down South to get away from the flu bug and we ended up on a big sand bar, with palm trees sticking out of it, called Florida. We rented a cottage facing one of those inland waterways where three or four million dollars' worth of yachts parade past on any given afternoon. To listen to the owners, you wouldn't have guessed there was that much money left after taxes. You remember the old highway signs, "Watch the Fords Go By"? Down here you can sit on your porch and watch the Ford dealers go by on their Chris-Crafts. I saw one forty-foot job with an old Ike sticker on the pilot house. I guess the fellow thought it was time for a change.

A Cadillac with an Ike sticker is looked down on in these parts, not because of its owner's politics but because it shows he's driving last year's model. According to the proprietor of the local liquor store, most of the flashy dough down here was made since the Second World War by people who, he says, come in and buy the most expensive Scotch in the place and then take it home and mix it with Pepsi-Cola.

Caddies are the only socially accepted cars and the preferred style is the ersatz convertible, or "hardtop." To me the hardtop is the supreme example of a cheap thrill. Owning one of those things is like marrying a dress-shop dummy; it's cute to look at, but it'll never give you any honest goose bumps on the back of your neck. Even the Jaguar sports cars have hard tops, and anybody who would drive one would carry a parasol on a race horse. I'm what Willie calls a snob in reverse—a purist with a Plymouth.

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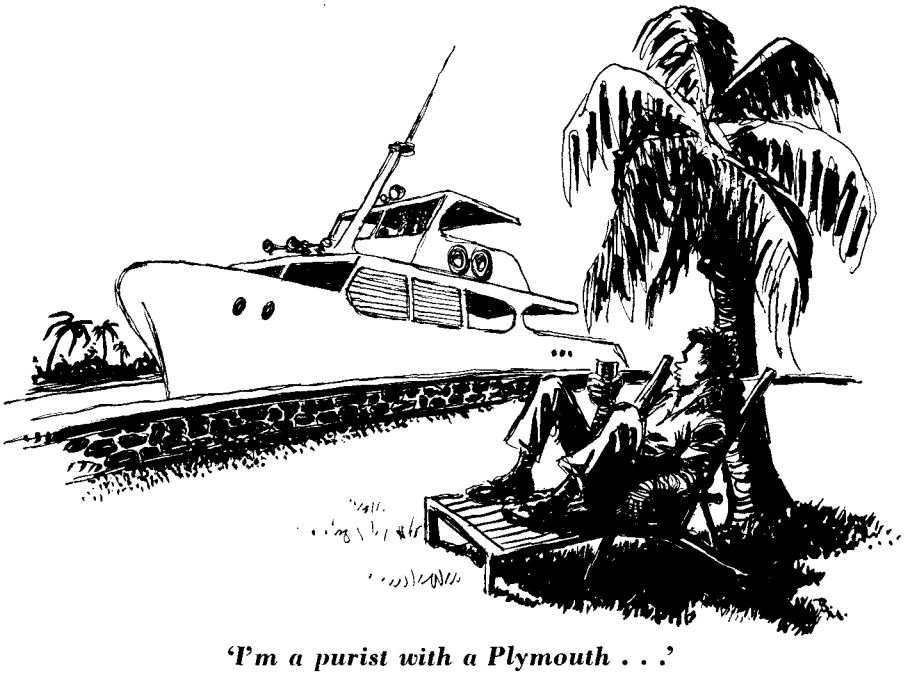
home with them after a winter in Florida. A great leveling process takes place down here. Florida is full of tropical wildlife. One of the most haunting sounds you can imagine is the mating call of the double sawbuck. The warmth of the sun is almost canceled out by the cold glint in the innkeeper's eye. A Swiss or French innkeeper is after a franc just as hard, but he's more sporting; he stacks the saucers and you don't have to settle before you're ready to leave. Your Florida host is afraid you might drop dead any minute and doesn't want to have to sue your estate. When I got my first rent bill I told my landlord I hadn't meant to buy the property, and he said not to worry, it wasn't for sale.

"Be reasonable," he said, reminding me for all the world of a chipmunk storing seeds. "This is a seasonal business. If I don't make it now, I just won't make it." Actually, I think he'd welcome a glacier. It would drive away some sun-seeking customers, but it would cut down the overhead in daiquiri ice.

ANYWAY, Joe, the kids love it down here and they're too young to realize we're spending their college money. I'd send you a souvenir orange for a joke but you'd probably get it in a blizzard and send back a grenade with a loose pin.

Regards,
BILL



'I'm a purist with a Plymouth . . .'

The Oversimplifications Of James Burnham

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

CONTAINMENT OR LIBERATION? by James Burnham. *John Day. $3.50.*

AS AN UNOFFICIAL and voluntary theoretician of the movement for a "positive" foreign policy, Mr. Burnham comes onstage with his book at the ideal instant. President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles have promised to go beyond mere containment of the Soviet Union, to seize the strategic initiative in the cold war, and to commit us to the liberation of the peoples enslaved by the Kremlin.

But their first moves—the green light to Chiang Kai-shek, the seventy-five-day ultimatum to Europe, and the "repudiation" of Yalta and Potsdam—have left a broad trail of doubts, fears, hopes, and general bewilderment. It is surely the dramatic moment for publication of a coherent statement of liberationist doctrine—a textbook for true believers in the new faith.

To this task Mr. Burnham brings great knowledge and superior talent. He is a perceptive and articulate professor of philosophy; as such he is a master of fine distinctions and subtle nuances. But somehow he seems to feel obliged to jettison intellectual inhibitions and reservations when he steps out from the academic shelter to speak to the common herd about the public business. Thus, "the policy of containment, even if 100% successful, is a formula for Soviet victory." And again, "If the communists succeed in consolidating what they have *already* conquered, then their complete world victory is certain."

Reversing a Trend

These stark dicta are the more puzzling since Mr. Burnham said in the last book he wrote that the *trend* was against the Communists, even in spite of Communist mastery of China. Now suddenly he finds the trend reversed. In a spirit of alarm that permeates every page, he has written a book to discredit the policy of containment—which he seemingly regards as the unmortgaged chattel of George Kennan—and to goad the American people into adoption of an offensive strategy, one designed both to liberate the peoples in Soviet bondage and to destroy the Soviet state system.

By containment Mr. Burnham chooses to mean the passive defense of the non-Soviet world and the repudiation of any offensive move against the Soviet bloc. This has a Quixotic flavor, because Mr. Burnham's lance is pointed, not at concrete policy of the last five years,

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but at a severely theoretical restatement of Kennan's basic thesis.

And so he lightly steps over a great number of measures and policies that were by no means passively defensive. Among these are the helping hand to Yugoslavia, which enabled Tito to succeed in making good his escape from Soviet bondage; the conversion of Turkey and Greece into powerful allies at the doorstep of the Soviet world; the forming of great coalitions in western Europe and the far Pacific; the build-up of Formosa and Okinawa; the steady conduct of propaganda aimed at the Soviet lands; the pursuit of economic warfare against the U.S.S.R. and its satellites; and the export of a concept of competitive enterprise and of technologies that offer a valid alternative to Communism for peoples in doubt.

In his elaborated condemnation of the architects of containment, Mr. Burnham stands close to the politicians of the radical Right—those who have created the legend that America was sold down the river by Communists in the State Department. Indeed, his essay on this theme is no more than an intellectual's fastidious restatement of the standard McCarthy-Jenner-Taft case. He winds up with the contention that containment is really the product of softness toward Communism—the logical prelude to a policy of appeasement.

A Strategy Grand but Vague

But when he surveys the alternative strategies at hand, Mr. Burnham gives little comfort to the sturdy phalanx of Asia Firsters. He makes a reasoned case for assigning a higher priority to western Europe, chiefly on the ground that the Soviet Union would achieve world victory quickly if it seized western Europe, whereas it would achieve that goal only slowly if it were allowed to consolidate its control of eastern Asia. He finds no good word to say for a present strategy focused on the Far East, MacArthur-style, and he carefully dissociates himself from the neo-isolationists who would defend America only on the oceans and on our own frontiers—the Hoover clan.

None of these will serve, Mr. Burnham is sure. To allow the Russians to finish digesting what they have conquered is to hand them world domination on a platter. So he proposes and recommends an east European strategy—a considered policy of liberating the Poles, Hungarians, Czechs, East Germans, Bulgarians, Albanians, Romanians, and such. This business is to go farther and aim at the liberation also of the non-Russian peoples of the Soviet Union—the Ukrainians, White Russians, Uzbeks, Georgians, Tadjiks, and so on.

We have no working manual for liberators here, any more than George Kennan's less ornate exposition of the containment principle is a handbook for containers. With prudence, Mr. Burnham has chosen to hold to expounding a principle, and not to "clutter it up with applications." He does suggest ways of utilizing the thousands who escape from Soviet territory, ways of switching from diplomatic recognition of "enemy" countries to dealing instead with exile governments or missions from those countries.

In the field of military policy, Mr. Burnham treads warily, limiting himself to exposition of the sound

The SOVIET IMPACT on SOCIETY

by Dagobert D. Runes

Preface by Harry Elmer Barnes

In what manner has Kremlin-controlled Sovietism raised or lowered human standards? Is a man in Soviet society master of his own fate? May he follow unhampered his self-chosen vocation and avocation? Can he express his ideas and feelings as he wishes? Can he join his neighbors in groups, unions and confederations? Are his social or cultural activities dictated by political potentates?

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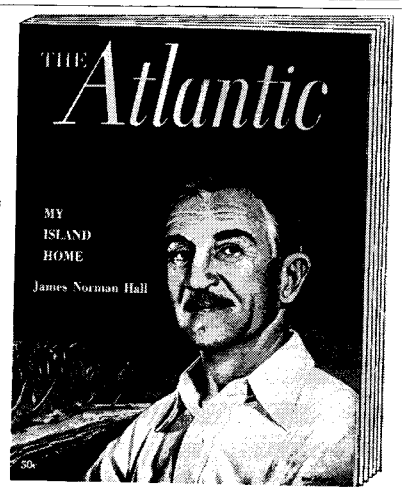

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principle that we ought to spend our defense money on those arms which will hurt Russia most and utilize American technology most fully.

Thus he would maintain minimal ground forces and rely on air power to strike the decisive blows. Whether airplanes should take off from the ground or from aircraft carriers he is reluctant to say. This certainly is a special case of political warfare in which makers of grand strategy do well to observe an upright neutrality. The weakest feature of his treatment of strictly military problems is his depreciation of overseas airbases, on the assumption that increasing ranges of bombardment aircraft tend to make them unnecessary. In fact, bomber ranges are decreasing as we turn from the B-29 and B-36 to speedy jet bombers; bases close to the Soviet world are more essential than ever.

Policies or Theories?

There is much to provoke useful thinking in this tract for the principle of the offensive. Mr. Burnham shows well the folly of dispersing our strength in many peripheral battles that tax the main enemy so little. He sets in good perspective the relative urgencies of the west European and Asian theaters.

These facets of *Containment or Liberation?* will have their transitory uses—to combat the MacArthur thesis of defeating world Communism in the Far East, to justify the priority already given western Europe, and to pave the way for comprehensive rethinking of our total strategy. For it seems clear that by the end of 1952 the Truman-Acheson team had come to be in some measure the prisoners of their own ingrained principles of policy, and that a new set of leaders ought to be able to reexamine that policy and contrive some variants which will hit closer to the Soviet solar plexus without undue risk or cost.

Mr. Burnham's method, while it provokes fresh thinking on the central problem, does not give us a reliable guide to the shaping of a better anti-Soviet policy. This is because it is not in fact an exposition of two alternative *policies*, containment and liberation. It is an overdrawn contrast of two *theories*, neither of them very close to reality. For Burnham, containment is a rigidly logical formula which forbids any aggressive or offensive move whatever. But we have not had such a policy. For Burnham, liberation is a ruthless, cunning, hard program of political warfare, steadily pointed at the destruction of the Soviet system in its entirety, built on the hypothesis that all-out war with the Soviet Union is probably inevitable. But the Messrs. Eisenhower and Dulles are not going to embark on any such adventure.

THE FACT is that containment in practice has been a dynamic effort; and liberation in practice, as modified by the discretion and sense of responsibility of the new Administration, will still be mostly defensive, illumined perhaps by a more positive objective and holding out more hope to potential allies behind the Iron Curtain.

Although he writes of high strategy with clarity and assurance, Mr. Burnham falls down badly in his own tactics. Condescension and sarcasm can be useful tools in polemical writing. But as this author deploys them, they interdict his own primary offensive. In chapter after chapter, he digresses from a closely reasoned argument to slur George Kennan, George Marshall, Eleanor Roosevelt, Chester Bowles, or "liberals" generally. This of course is pleasurable for those readers who agreed with Burnham before opening his book. It lends spice, of a Pegleresque or Sokolskyish sort, to what is otherwise a book about ideas, and therefore a trifle abstract.

If Mr. Burnham's object was merely to reinforce the ardor of the hard core of his pre-existing devotees, this is a good tactic. But if, as I should think more logical, his aim was to save "liberal" souls now lost in the wilderness of Truman-Acheson-Kennan containment, he is using very bad tactics indeed. For the liberation of 800 million people from Soviet slavery is a noble venture, one with an intrinsic appeal for what we customarily call "liberals." Somebody else may win these well-intentioned folk to the Eisenhower-Dulles liberation policy, if such a policy indeed exists, but that somebody will not be James Burnham.

Charles Dickens At the Bar (*Continued*)

ANTHONY WEST

In The Reporter *of March 3, 1953, Mary McCarthy reviewed* Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph, *by Edgar Johnson. In her review she disagreed emphatically with a disparagement of Dickens's role as a reformer by Anthony West in the* New Yorker *of January 10. The quotations in the following passage of Miss McCarthy's review are from Mr. West's article:*

"What is bewildering in this violence is first of all the fact that it seems to issue from an almost insensate ignorance of Dickens's writing and life . . . if Dickens was cut off 'from easy intercourse with his intellectual equals all through his life' and surrounded himself 'with an entourage of second-raters,' is this meant to be a judgment on Thackeray, the Carlyles, Mrs. Gaskell, Lord John Russell, George Eliot and George Henry Lewes, Tennyson, Landor, Mazzini, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo—Dickens's friends and intimates? If Dickens was following in the wake of his audience, how did that audience make its views felt? Not in legislation, certainly,

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which lagged far behind Dickens. Was it Parliament or Dickens that was the really effective instrument of social reform?"

IN THE course of making some criticisms of a review I wrote recently in another magazine, Miss Mary McCarthy asked if Dickens or Parliament was the really effective instrument of social reform. I think the question is somewhat naïve. Dickens's first flier in the realm of social criticism is the mild stuff about the horrors of the English workhouse in *Oliver Twist,* published in 1838. It must have seemed very anodyne at the time. The campaign against the administration of the Poor Laws—the laws which provided for the workhouses and all other forms of relief—got under way in 1817 and was a major national movement from 1831 onward. Beaumont's paper, *The Northern Liberator,* was talking about very little else in 1837; Feargus O'Connor was making it the big issue in *The Northern Star;* and Thomas Attwood, the radical banker of Birmingham, was organizing a series of big public meetings at which it was the leading topic. The Chartists William Lovett, Richard Oastler, J. R. Stephens, and James Bronterre O'Brien toured the country speaking against the Poor Law machinery. The language they spoke was strong, and it had results. Poor Law commissioners were beaten up by mobs in various places, and there were riots in Kent and elsewhere. On more orderly occasions—such as Attwood's meetings—organizers circulated petitions and collected signatures. In the year in which *Oliver Twist* appeared, 263 petitions, bearing in all a quarter of a million names, were presented to Parliament.

Miss McCarthy will perhaps argue that this mass movement was working-class and that Dickens spoke to the book-buying middle class, which was unaware of the reasons for all this agitation. But this argument will not stand up. The report of the select committee appointed by Parliament to inquire into the working of the Poor Law sold fifteen thousand copies as soon as it appeared. The report probably reached a more influential public than that touched by *Oliver Twist.* In the outcome the really effective instrument was the *Times* of London, then edited by John Walter. Its exposure of the conditions in Andover Workhouse led to a special Parliamentary inquiry, and to legislation. The legislation admittedly followed the publication of *Oliver Twist,* but the effect of that book was minor in comparison with the full thirty-year campaign in which it was a single incident.

DICKENS of course wrote powerfully about the squalor of urban conditions and the wretchedness of the poor. But here again, what he says is mild in comparison with what was in the Parliamentary reports, and they got at the subject first.

If one accepts Miss McCarthy's belief that *The Old Curiosity Shop* is an attack on the factory system, it is still impossible to call it a pioneer work. The public campaign for reform in this area began in the late eighteenth century and produced the Health and Morals of Apprentices Act, limiting hours and forbidding night work for children, in 1802. This applied only to children and only to cotton mills, but it was a beginning. Robert Owen and the Earl of Shaftesbury made factory reform a major part of their lives and secured a better bill covering the whole textile industry in 1833. The passage of this bill involved a national debate and widespread public discussion. Publication of *The Old Curiosity Shop* in 1841 can only be considered a contribution to a campaign which was a going concern.

One writer who was a great deal more effective than Dickens in the field of social criticism was a wrong-headed, entirely humorless person called Sir Edwin Chadwick, who wrote up the evidence presented to the Parliamentary committees of investigation and was responsible for most of the Parliamentary reports which dealt with the life of the poor. It is difficult to overestimate their influence. A fantastic and almost unbelievably macabre report is that on Intra-Mural Interments published at the end of 1843. In London at the time, burial grounds of less than 203 acres received 52,000 bodies a year. Some of these places were paved courtyards, such as Russell Court in Drury Lane; others were tiny lots

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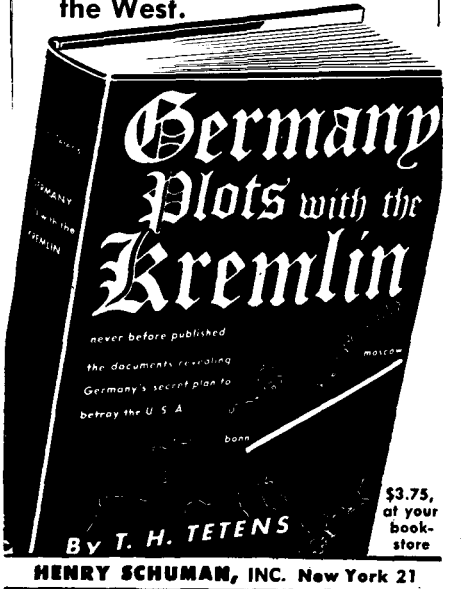

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hemmed in with tenements and slum dwellings, such as the four-acre Bunhill Fields where 100,000 bodies were interred. Chadwick's descriptions of the effects of the sights, sounds, and smells resulting from these conditions on the people who lived among them had a stunning effect on those who read them. His readers were the moneyed class, and he shocked them out of their complacency.

Dickens wrote powerful descriptions of slum districts in *Dombey and Son, Bleak House,* and *Our Mutual Friend,* and yet it is not these but Chadwick's *Sanitary Report of 1842* which marks the definite beginning of legislative action to destroy slum conditions.

The trail goes a good way back beyond that date. Dr. Southwood Smith's *Treatise on Fever* of 1830 was a horrifying study of slum conditions; so was Dr. Kay's study of the *Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Poor in Manchester* of 1833. These were presented before Parliament as part of the evidence of the select committee studying the Poor Law in 1834. Seven thousand copies of the report embodying this evidence were circulated by Chadwick, and as a result the first Parliamentary inquiry into slum conditions was set up in 1839. This led to the production of the incredible description of English town life published under the title of *The Sanitary Report of 1842,* and that led to the establishment of the Board of Health in 1848.

Again I feel justified in saying that Dickens was making a contribution to a campaign which was well under way when he began his attacks on the vileness of slums. He was following a trend. Middle-class opinion was already aroused when he wrote, and Parliament had already gone into action and was taking the first effective steps to wipe out such places as Tom All Alone's.

I am afraid that all this is very dull stuff, but it is the sort of thing that a critic must have in his mind if he is to make any kind of assessment of the literature of social criticism. It is not possible to say anything worthwhile about Dickens unless one has plowed through the reports of the select committees, the

volumes of memoirs and official biographies, the collections of letters, and the historical papers that give a composite picture of his times and his relation to them.

I AM AWARE that it is a great deal more amusing to indulge in free association and to construct chains like Miss McCarthy's Magwitch, Mephistophelis, and Marlowe. But we who are engaged in the exacting task of producing commercial journalism have certain standards of accuracy to satisfy. We might ask ourselves what beyond the letter "M" those names had in common. Marlowe was not at all widely known in Dickens's time; the Mermaid reprints had not put his work into the normal frame of reference. George Lewes's comment on the nature of Dickens's library makes it clear that it was not a scholar's library, and Dickens's interest in the stage can hardly be argued as making him likely to know *Faustus,* as it didn't return to the acted repertory until 1896. There is no evidence that Dickens could see the late medieval world of evil which Marlowe saw from his Early Renaissance place in the time scheme. Dickens was literal-minded, and his world of evil is the world of crime and wrong which every Victorian townsman could see and smell.

There is one other point I would like to mention. Miss McCarthy's list of Dickens's "friends and intimates" includes Mazzini, whom he may have met a dozen times; Lamartine, whom he met four or five times in 1843 and 1856; Victor Hugo, whom he saw just about as often; George Eliot, on whom he made occasional calls; Mrs. Gaskell, whom he saw a couple of times a year; Carlyle, who felt an amused contempt for him; Lord John Russell, whom he saw perhaps a couple of dozen times in all, almost always at large dinner parties; Tennyson, whom he used to see two or three times a year in other people's houses; and Thackeray, with whom he was on notoriously uneasy terms. He was friendly with Landor, but Landor was thirty-seven years older than he was, lived in Bath while Dickens lived in London, and they did not see each other very often. It seems odd on Miss McCarthy's part to refer to this group as forming Dickens's entourage; it seems a loose use of language for a literary critic.

I must apologize for being tedious once more. I hope I have made it quite clear what kind of knowledge I consider to be the indispensable background to responsible criticism.

BOOK NOTES

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Arnold J. Toynbee's *The World and the West,* reviewed in our March 17 issue, will be published by the Oxford University Press on March 26. We regret the inadvertence which caused us to anticipate the publication date.

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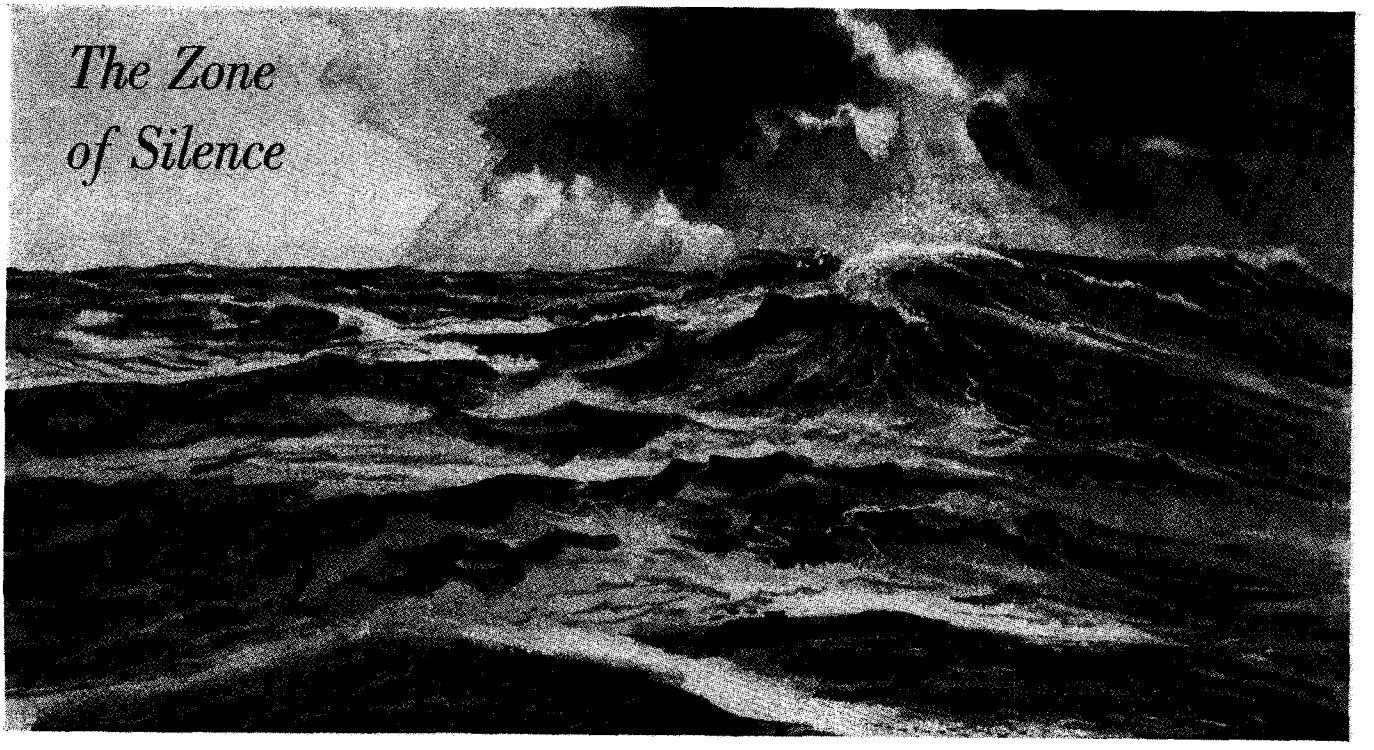

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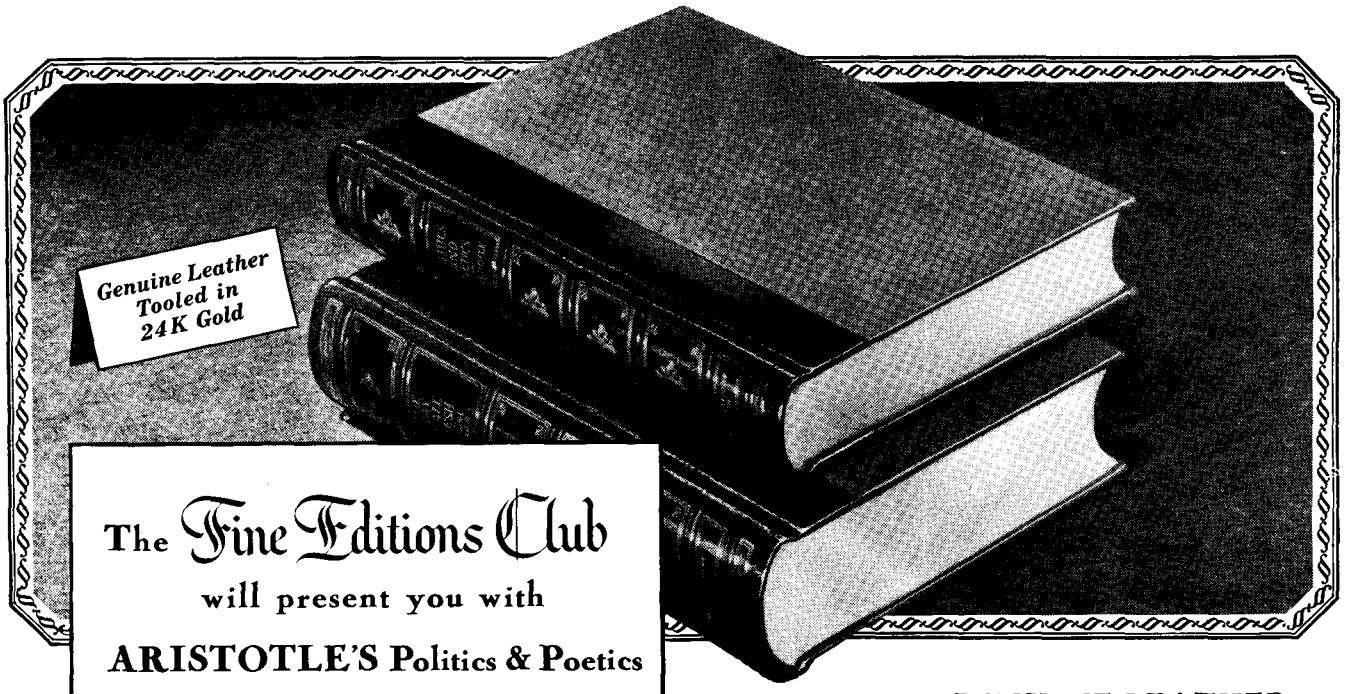

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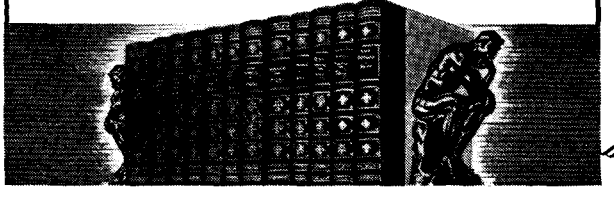

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